MONA

An Opera in Three Acts

THE POEM BY BRIAN HOOKER

THE MUSIC BY

HORATIO PARKER

VOCAL SCORE

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MONA

AN OPERA IN THREE ACTS

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CHARACTERS OF THE DRAMA

The Roman Governor of Britain	*Baritone*
Quintus, his son, known among the Britons as Gwynn	*Heroic Tenor*
Arth, a British tribesman	*Bass*
Enya, his wife	*Soprano*
Gloom, their son, a Druid	*Baritone*
Caradoc, the chief Bard of Britain	*Baritone*
Nial, a changeling	*Lyric Tenor*
Mona, Princess of Britain and last of the line of Boadicea; foster-child of Arth and Enya	*Dramatic Soprano* (*Mezzo*)

ROMAN SOLDIERS; DRUIDS, BARDS; BRITONS, BOTH MEN AND WOMEN

The place is southwestern Britain; the time, about A. D. 100

Story of the Opera*

MONA

ACT I

Morning in midsummer. Arth's hut: a primitive and rather sombre interior of rough wood and stone, lighted only from the doorway to the rear above which appears the Druidic sign of the Unspeakable Name, and from the opening in the roof to the right, through which the smoke of the fire ascends. Enya busy about the house, Nial lying by the fire, Mona and Gwynn in the foreground. Gwynn pleads with Mona to fulfil her troth to him, long since pledged. She answers that in his absence her old dreams of war and the Roman oppressor hurled back into the sea and of some great part for herself in the freeing of Britain have pressed closer, driving the thought of him away. Against Enya's protest she shows him on her breast the sign of the Name wherewith she was born; declaring herself set apart by that sign for some great destiny above womanhood. Gwynn urges that her fancies are mere loneliness, and that whatever her destiny may be they can fulfil it better together; while Nial asks innocently if God's name is written upon those who may not love. Mona relates a dream of walking between a storm-darkened forest and a raging sea: she had a naked sword, wherewith she drove back the billows that poised to plunge down upon her; but there came a veiled white figure with no face and tried to take the sword away; and when she slew him therewith the waves broke and the forest fell and overwhelmed her. This dream neither Gwynn nor Enya can interpret. Arth, entering, hurls at Mona's feet the sword of a Roman soldier whom he has encountered and slain; and Mona recognizes the sword of her dream. Gwynn censures Arth for wanton folly in breaking the peace; Arth retorts with a furious tirade against Rome, in which the women hysterically join; but Gwynn prevails, and sends Arth out to bury the body. Gwynn illustrates the use of the sword with unconscious enthusiasm. Enya grows suspicious, and Mona, crying out that he looks like a Roman soldier, snatches it from him, and in so doing wounds his arm. As they stand aghast at the omen, Gloom enters and confirms it; prophesying that Gwynn shall die by that same blade. He sends away the women and ushers in Arth and Caradoc, who proposes a solemn oath of secrecy and union. Gwynn, suspecting conspiracy, is unwilling to swear himself blindly into their fellowship; but lest the secret of his own birth

*This opera won the prize offered by the Metropolitan Opera Company for the best grand opera, written in English and composed by an American.

be suspected and he lose Mona and all his influence for peace, is constrained to yield. Caradoc administers the oath with Druidic ritual; then tells Gwynn that Britain is ripe for a universal uprising, and that Mona by her descent from Boadicea and by signs and prophecies is ordained to be their leader. Gwynn furiously protests, but is overruled by Caradoc and Gloom. Mona is brought in to choose between her love and her mission. Caradoc formally recognizes her as the predestined leader. Gwynn does his utmost to hold her; but Gloom, artfully playing upon her dream and sneering at her love as a trifle, is too strong for him. She flies into an ecstasy, waving her sword and calling down ruin upon Rome. Gwynn is driven away and banished. As he disappears into the forest, Mona suddenly drops the sword, crying out his name, and breaks into tears.

ACT II

A month later. Evening. The Cromlech in the forest: A huge oak tree in the centre; at its foot an altar graven with the Sign of the Name; behind that, a crumbling stone wall in the form of a semicircle; and behind this, deep forest, through which appear the great standing stones of the outer circle. Nial alone, dancing with his shadow. In monologue he declares himself happier, being a changeling with no soul, brother to all the wild things of the earth, than his wise friends whose souls torment them. The Governor, entering at the head of a scouting party, captures him and questions him as to the evident signs of a recent gathering there; but Nial, fearless through sheer ignorance of harm, refuses to answer. As he is about to be tortured, Gwynn suddenly appears and interposes. The Governor questions him about the reported rebellion, adding that Gwynn is freely accused of treason in siding with the Britons. Gwynn, refusing to break his oath by revealing their plans, yet claims as his own work the peace of the past years, and promises that through Mona and his own influence as a Bard the threatened uprising shall be averted. The Governor is for crushing the conspiracy by immediate force, but is at length brought to refrain on condition that Gwynn shall hold the tribes from any overt act of war. On this Gwynn stakes everything and sets out to guide his father back to the Roman town. After a momentary soliloquy by Nial in the gathering darkness, Mona and Gloom enter together. They have been going about the country preparing universal rebellion; and on that night they themselves are to lead the attack upon the Roman town, whose flames will be the signal for a general uprising. Mona, inspired with the ecstasy of her mission, yet dreads their own opening battle, upon which all depends. In the enthusiasm of his reassurance, Gloom throws off the mask of priesthood and brotherliness, avowing open love of her. She silences him by turning against him his own teaching that she is not woman but a sword. After a short colloquy with Arth and Enya, in which Mona relates her triumphant progress among the tribes, the others go to prepare for the sacrifice which is to initiate the battle, leaving Mona praying alone in the moon-

light before the altar. Gwynn, entering, brushes aside the frozen holiness with which she had crushed Gloom, by defying her to call in the Druids and have him put to death; and catching her in his arms, so prevails upon her by the sheer reality of their love that she is for the moment utterly his own, wishing only to forget all else. In premature triumph, he tells her that their union shall unite Britain and Rome, and goes on to reveal the secret of his birth. But she, understanding merely that he is a Roman, without waiting to hear the rest, cries out for help. Gloom and Arth rush in, followed by Bards and Druids and a frantic horde of Britons. Gwynn is about to be torn in pieces when Mona, unable to see him slain, checks herself in the very word of denouncing him as a spy, and reminds them that he is a Bard whose person is sacred; then, bidding them make him prisoner unhurt, she hurries on the preparations for the attack. Men and women bring torches, weapons, and materials of war. The Bards and Druids gather about the altar, where Mona, Gloom and Caradoc, to the music of a barbaric chant, perform the ceremony of blessing and distributing the swords. As they receive their weapons the priests rush out to lead the onslaught, followed by the tribesmen; until the stage is left empty and dark but for Enya, who throws herself sobbing at the foot of the altar as the sound of the singing dies away in the forest.

ACT III

The same night, just before dawn. A plateau on the edge of the forest; across a valley, the Roman town in the distance. Enya and Nial come to watch and wait for tidings of the attack. Her agony of suspense and foreboding contrasts with his innocent unconcern. Instead of the expected beacon-signals of victory, scattered fugitives rush past: and from one of these Enya learns that the attack is crushed. Nial, with unconscious irony, protests that the news must be false, since God had promised them victory. Mona, stunned with shame and exhaustion, is dragged in by Gloom, who is himself mortally wounded. He confirms the tidings of defeat: the Roman garrison, swelled to an overwhelming force, was awaiting them under arms; Arth is dead; it is all over but paying the price. Mona despairs over her people who have trusted her vainly through her own vain trust in her mission; and searches her conscience for some fault or failure of her own that has ruined all. But Gloom, with savage cynicism, retorts that they have only dressed their own desires in fine names like every one else; Mona was moved by a girl's vanity of greatness, himself by lust of power and rivalry with Gwynn; the rest was self-deception. And Mona, shocked and shaken, fixes upon her love for Gwynn as the weakness that has destroyed her work: she has saved his life, knowing him to be a Roman spy and a traitor to her people. The appearance of Gwynn, who has escaped from his guards, confirms her belief that it was he who warned the Romans. Gwynn tells them that he is the son of the Governor with authority to speak for Rome, and tries to induce her to aid him in preventing further bloodshed. But it is too late for the truth:

Gloom receives it with mere derision; and Mona, taking it for the keystone upon an arch of lies, works herself into a vengeful holiness as she listens to his protestations. At last she pretends to yield, and as he catches her in his arms stabs him with her Roman sword. In the pause that follows, Nial sees through the grey twilight of dawn the soul of Gwynn floating like a bright shadow above him and seeming to listen and to wait. The sound of an approaching army is heard in the distance, and presently the Governor enters at the head of his legions. Discovering Gwynn's body, he tells them furiously that in slaying his son, the one Roman who befriended them and who had wasted himself to save them from their own folly, they have destroyed their last hope of mercy. Mona avows her deed, and he promises her full time in which to pay. She, at length understanding all Gwynn's truth and her own error, takes farewell of him, laying the sword across his breast: saying that in seeking great deeds beyond love and above beauty she has done only what she must have done being herself; that the ordinary happiness through which she might have accomplished her mission was too small and too near; and regretting most that she cannot follow Gwynn to an honorable death. She bends down and kisses him on the forehead, then, rising, stands among the soldiers while they bind her hands, bidding them take their will of her; and adding, as the curtain falls, "I have had great dreams—only great dreams. . . . A woman would have won."

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Mona

Mona

An Opera in Three Acts

ACT I

THE SCENE represents the interior of Arth's hut in the forest: a rough structure of logs and thatch. To the left, a large hearth of rough stone on which a fire is burning; oaken settles about the walls; to the right, a rough table, with benches and a wooden stool; above this, a door into an inner room; in the rear wall, a large doorway, curtained with skins, on the lintel of which appears the Sign /|\ of the Unspeakable Name, showing that a Druid has his dwelling there. Sunlit forest without.

THE TIME, morning in midsummer.

The curtain-rise discovers MONA seated by the table; ENYA above; GWYNN standing near the centre of the stage; and NIAL lying on a bearskin by the fire.

Prelude

Moderato (♩ = 100)

Horatio Parker. Op. 71



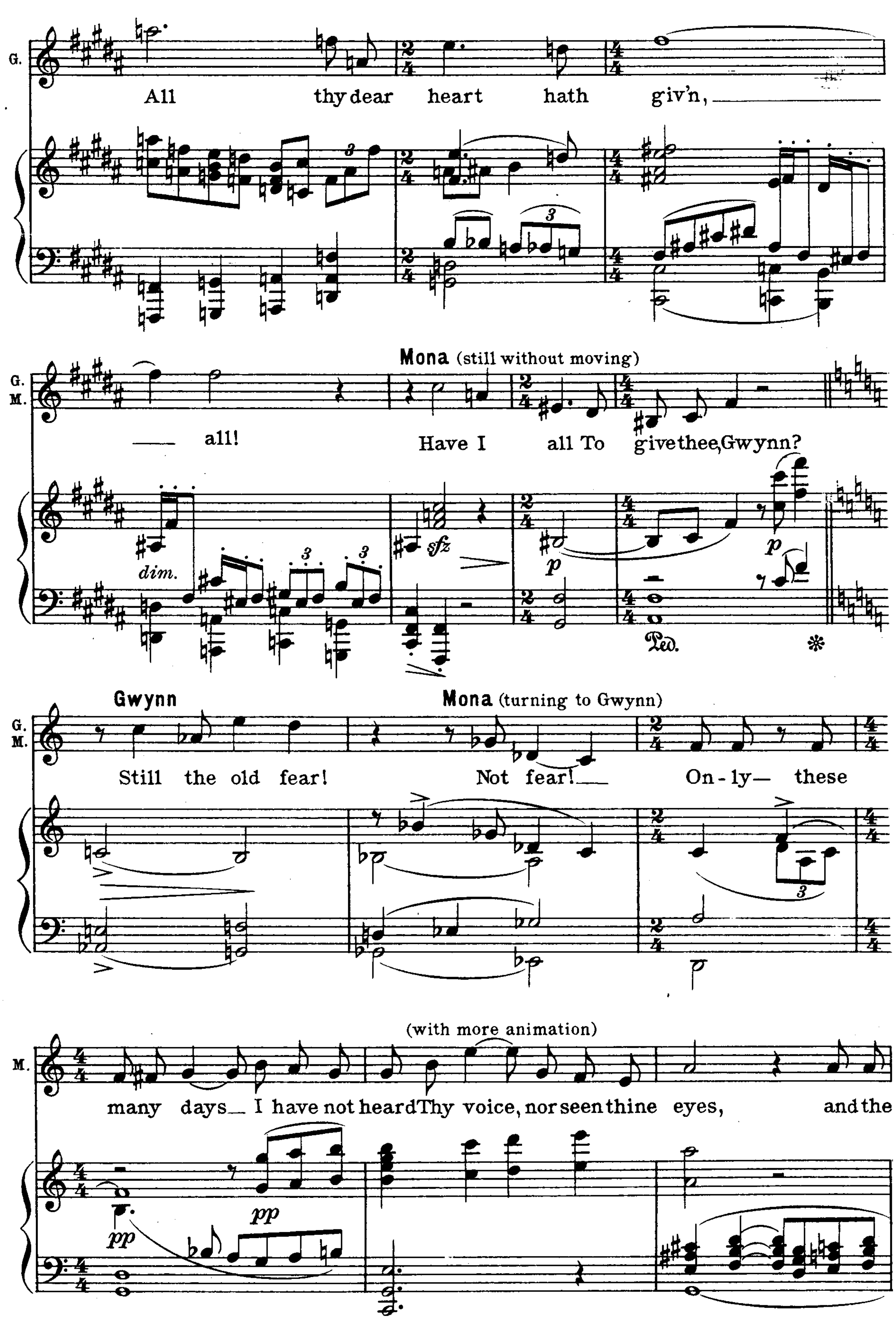

p
rit.e dim.
poco più mosso
dolce
rit.
meno mosso
poco cresc.
poco meno mosso
(♩ = 80)
p


cresc.
sempre cresc.
(♩ = 72)
ff


(♩ = 66)
ff
3
più mosso
ff
dim.
(♩ = 92)
p
pp
(♩ = 100)
l.h.
r.h.


(CURTAIN)
l. h.
cresc. ed accel.
f
Gwynn
G.
M.
Not long now, till the end!
Mona (without rit.
Until the
(♩ = 80)
f
rit.
moving, as if to herself)
Gwynn
end, the end! Not long un-til the end of all my doubt, Not long until the
p
f
p
end of all thy fear! Kiss-es half-willing, half - re - luc - tant
arms, And eyes that shirk their promise. I have made peace,


G.
— And brought — down rest o - ver this an - gry
G.
land, Whose trou - ble was thy —
G.
— trouble: Now — I make Mine own all
mf
cresc.
G.
I have known so long for mine.
poco f


G.
All thy dear heart hath giv'n,
all!
Mona (still without moving)
Have I all To give thee, Gwynn?
dim.
sfz
p
Gwynn
Still the old fear!
Mona (turning to Gwynn)
Not fear!
On-ly these
(with more animation)
M.
many days I have not heard Thy voice, nor seen thine eyes, and the
pp


M.
old dreams Press clos-er, and thy face fades, lost a-mong A
poco rit.
espr.
pp
Tempo giusto (♩ = 108)
sea of raging fac-es and a forest Of white swords; and thy
voice, murmuring joy, Blows down a wind of war-cries;
p
Meno mosso
what hath held thee So long and far a - way?
f


Meno mosso (♩ = 76)
Gwynn
G.
On - ly the need Of mak-ing all things read-y for our
fp
G.
E.
love.
accel.
Più mosso
(♩ = 100)
Enya (to Gwynn, sharply)
f
Hast thou made the bride ready to be
E.
G.
won?
Ancora più
(♩ = 138)
ff
dim. rit.
Gwynn
It is this
(♩ = 80)
p meno mosso
G.
M.
house: there is a shad-ow here.
Mona
There is a shad-ow


(touching her breast)
M.
here, Gwynn, here.
(♩ = 84)
espr.
p poco rit.
pp
Gwynn
ad lib.
G.
Now I build A house for us twain in the forest here,
G.
Where


G.
sunlights laugh in the moving leaves all day, Where the
sweet blossoms brighten, where all
night Earth breathes joy and the moon makes
mys-ter-y Of silvern gla - mour!
pp
sfz
rit.
l.h.


Mona (heavily)
M.
Thou shalt nev - er build That house, Gwynn.
sfz p
pp
Gwynn
G.
Mo - na! Mo - na!
Allegro moderato (♩ = 116)
f animato
What new change?
Enya
E.
Trou-ble her not—
There is more in her than
(♩ = 100)
f
thy love can know.
Gwynn
E.
G.
There-fore I love her.
(♩ = 76)
p
espr.


Mona
M.
Dear, I am
(♩ = 92)
not changed; That is my trouble, that I cannot change. I
pp
p
cannot be like other women, loved, And loving, happy; I was
(♩ = 80)
pp
nev - er so:
tenderly and slowly
On-ly, because of thy dear looks, I dreamed of
(♩ = 60)


M.
love and thee a little –
Being young And thrilled with May, a
pp espr.
woman, feeling hands Of little chil-dren touch me in the dark, Unborn,
crying to me to mother them...
I dreamed of
pp
ppp
ritenuto
them and thee.
(Mona rises. Nial turns to watch)
Waking, I know That I am set a-
(♩ = 100)
animato subito
ppp
f


Gwynn
M.
G.
part.
What fancy, Mo-na!
(♩ = 116)
f
Mona (laying her hand upon her bosom as if to open her robe)
M.
Dear, No fancy.
(♩ = 80)
p
(Opening her dress and showing the mark on her breast. All glance astonished from her to the mark above the door)
Mona
Enya (starting forward)
M.
E.
U.
Look!
(♩ = 100) You shall not show him!
No!
(♩ = 80)
Look!
pp
ff
Gwynn
Mona
G.
U.
The Name!
God's great Name!
pp


Enya (to Gwynn)
Gwynn
E.
G.
Bet-ter for thee Not to have known. The
(♩ = 100)
p
Name that none may speak! What means this, Mo - na?
mf
pp
Più mosso
Mona
M.
I was born there with. I cannot read its meaning, but I know Some
pp
great ad-ven-ture waits for me, since God Hath set his seal up-on me.
più largo
più largo
p


M.
How shall I Tar-ry for love?
f
N.
Nial
(♩ = 96)
I cannot under-
ff
stand— I have no soul. What is this great thing that Mona has to do, That hinders lov - ing? Does God
meno f
p


N.
write his name On them that shall not love?
I have it not!
p
p
6
N.
I cannot understand;
I cannot love,
be-
f
p
N.
M.
Mona
cause I have no soul.
I dare not love
tranquillo
ff
p
M.
G.
Gwynn
— un-til my soul is free.
Thou *art* free!
più agitato
3


G.
How shall this great task di - vide Thy fate and mine a - sun - der?
f
accel.
Be - ing one, We shall be strong - er for all good.
cresc. ed accel.
Più tranquillo
Dear love, What hinders the ful - fill - ment of our dream?
pp
Mona
M.
I have had oth - er dreams -
oth - er dreams.
(♩ = 76)
p


M.
pp
p
pp
poco rit.
Gwynn
G.
Love, thou hast been Alone and list-less, and the
(𝅗𝅥 = 46)
G.
warm youth, pent Within thee, frustrate, like new wine that works Close covered,
pp


G.
Va - pors up these vi - sions.
Come With me!
Come with me!
G.
Come with me, Mo - na!
take life, and
(𝅗𝅥 = 46)
poco f
G.
leave
them!
Come with me
Out
of
the shadows!
G.
Come with me,
Mo - - - - na!
p


G.
Come out of the aim - less days, Out of the
G.
emp - ty nights!
Find thou Hu - mani - ty,
dim.
G.
And God shall find thee great - ness!
pp
G.
Come with me, Mo - - na!
dim.


Mona
M.
Listen, Gwynn— And thou, mother, In dream-lore deeply wise—
ppp
pp
(standing alone C.)
Three nights to-gether have I dreamed this dream: I
pp
walked up-on the wind - y beach ______ between
(♩= 88)
p


M.
Dark forest and dim sea. Low-swollen clouds,
Heav - y with storm, gloomed o - ver - head, and hung
Bel-lying against the tree - tops.
pp
Close a - shore Tower'd one huge wave,


M.
3
curv-ing o-ver me As a ser-pent curves to strike,
poco f
crested with cloud And foam, the
pp
hol - low gulf beneath a - live, a-live With
f
3
tremu-lous lights and an - gry glints of green, High
pp


M.
o-ver-head loom - ing: so — that I
M.
seemed To walk — in a long cav-ern
M.
roofed with cloud And walled with foam and for - est.
M.
And I bare On my breast a na-ked sword


M.
close-held, As a moth-er holds her babe.
pp
8va bassa
So when the surge Poised to plunge down up-on me,
8
I thrust forth The sword,
(♩= 96)
cresc.
f
ff
sfz


M.
point - ing it sea - - - - - - ward,
sfz p
ff
p
sfz
and the sea Bent back-ward and for-
mf
bore. Me-
f
(𝅗𝅥 = 120)
fff
seemed one stood Beside me, veiled in a white shroud, whose face I
p
sfz


M.
could not see, that strove to snatch a-way My sword.
M.
(𝅗𝅥 = 108)
There-fore I smote and slew him!
f
M.
Then The surge plunged, and the clouds burst, and the
(𝅗𝅥 = 100)
f
M.
trees Fell, thun-der-rent, and
accel.


M.
whelmed me!
(𝅗𝅥 = 126)
rit.
dim.
p
And I woke Trem-bling, and seeming still to see the sword
(♩ = 100)
dolce
And the grim cloud and the green surge. And now
Three nights to-geth-er have I dreamed this dream.
(𝅗𝅥 = 88)
pp
G.
Gwynn
And the dream-
(♩ = 100)
ppp


Mona
G. M.
thrice be-hol-den- pro-phesies... I won-der-
Mother?
Enya (still seated)
E.
Dreaming of the sea Foretells great
(♩=88)
p
happenings;
dreaming of a sword,
p
Struggle.
But then the for-est and the cloud,
rit.
And the white figure, with no face-
Nay,
pp rit.


E.
G.
Gwynn
child, I cannot tell, I cannot read this dream! God
(♩=72)
G.
M.
mocks us with a future half fore-known. Ni-al, dost thou
Mona (seated)
pp
tranquillo
M.
N.
never dream?
Nial
Always, I think, Or never. Night by
(♩=92)
N.
night, and day by day... It must be all true, or else
pp
N.
M.
all a dream.
Mona ad lib.
I a-lone between
poco rit.


meno mosso
più animato
surge and forest-
Gwynn! What if the sea be-
Rome?
meno mosso
pp
p
(♩= 96)
mf
Rome?
The
Gwynn (startled)
Rome?
f
Più mosso
black flood That whelms our mis - er-able land!
No!
8
ff
(♩= 120)
f


Arth (striding in, hurls a Roman sword at Mona's feet)
A.
(♩= 92)
Here, child! I bring thee a child's play-thing!
ff pesante
ff
(all rising)
Enya
E.
Arth!
Mona
M.
Father!
ff
Mona (taking up the sword and looking at it wonderingly)
ad lib.
It is the sword I dreamed of in my dream!
ff ritenuto
dim. e rit.
(♩= 104)
p


Gwynn
Mona
G.
M.
The sword of Rome!
Father, whence came this?
Arth
A.
One That was a
Tempo giusto
(♩= 92)
p ritenuto
Ro-man soldier gave it me Yonder.
These Romans are a weakly breed!
p
Poco allegro (♩.= 108)
Enya
E.
Thou art a swordless man;
p
ppp più rit.
più agitato
It is not lawful For thee to fight or to bear weapons.


(he makes the gesture of strangling an enemy)
Arth
A.
(♩=92)
Bah! I had no weapon, on-ly these bare hands Of an old man!
f
E.
Enya
accel.
Blood! Blood! Evermore
(♩=104)
pp
(♩.=108)
cresc. ed accel.
Arth (looking at his hands)
E.
A.
blood!
(♩=92)
Only a little, bitten from his lips In dying!
ff
ff
Allegro (♩.=132)
Enya
E.
Thou hast roused the
p
E.
wolf!
Ah, now
We shall endure
cresc.
f


E.
ven - geance! Now, when our sleep Was safe, and our
E.
days free!
ff
tr
Arth
A.
Free! Hear the wo-man! Ay, free like dogs, free to the lash and the
(♩= 104)
A.
chain! — Licking the wolf's feet lest we die! — New stripes o-ver old scars!
A.
One shame a - like to sting Sur - ren - der and re - bel-lion, —


sempre più agitato
tribute wrung Out of dry hunger!– swords taken a - way From free hands!
Our shrines des-o-late! our Bards For - bid-den wor-ship!
(♩= 138)
mf
Our Kings dead, our women Shared with our lords!
(♩= 92)
più mosso
all men with blood in them Hat-ing the wolf a - new with each new
(♩= 112)
day, Eating and drinking hatred!–
(♩= 80)


Gwynn (with calm authority, facing Arth)
G.
Thou art a fool, Arth! Blood will fol-low this!
sfz p
f
p
Moderato
Animato
Arth (scornfully)
A.
Gwynn, the man of peace! what dost thou here?
What I have ever done,
Moderato (♩= 76)
(♩= 108)
Guard-ed this house from trouble! Thou hast broke The peace, wan-tonly
slain a Roman! Fool! What hope has Britain save in Rome's good-will?
Arth
Rome's good-



A.
will! The em - brace of the soft scourge!
(♩=92)
sfz
Kisses of the kind - ly spur! A fire's friendship, A wolf's love!
accel.
Allegro
Enya
E.
Britain! Old Britain!
Mona (waving the sword in a frenzy)
M.
Britain! Old Britain! Ru-in to Rome!
Britain! Old Britain!
Allegro (♩.=120)
p
cresc.
Ru-in to Rome!
Gwynn
G.
Be still, women!
Ru-in to Rome!
f
precipitato


(To Arth, and pointing to the sign above the door)
G.
By that sign
più tranquillo
f
ff
p
I bid thee peace!
Now-
allargando
thou hast slain a man:-
Go bury him!
Arth
(Exit slowly)
A.
I will go bury him.
pp
ppp
(Mona crosses to Gwynn and slides her left arm about his neck, the sword hanging loose in her right hand)
Andante moderato
Mona
M.
Thou art a man, Gwynn!
mf


N.
Nial
poco mosso
I cannot understand! What had he done, the
p
N.
M.
Mona (turning sharply)
Roman, wherefore Arth Should slay him? Robbed us of our free-dom!
p
Molto più mosso (𝅗𝅥. = 54)
N.
Nial
Nay, Are we not free to breathe sweet
p grazioso
N.
breath and sing Un-der the sun, and
3
N.
laugh beside the fire, And wonder at the world?
pp



Meno mosso (♩= 76)
Mona (to Gwynn, examining the sword-hilt)
Alla marcia, moderato
M.
What mean these runes Here grav-en?
pp
Gwynn
Mona
G.
M.
"Senate and the Ro - man peo-ple." How
(swinging the sword)
light it is! E - ven I have strength e - nough To wield this.
poco allargando
più mosso
How can such woman's weapons meet The long sword and the
Gwynn (takes the weapon from her and illustrates his words)
British axe? Not so: Rome nev-er strikes.
ff


G.
Thus, thrusting. The point kills Qui-et-ly; the edge wastes pow'r.
ad lib.
3
a tempo
(♩ = 108)
a tempo
p
First the spears, Hurled all to-gether, bite and
bend; then down Swings the long legion, ev'ry man in turn Guard-
p
- - ed and guarding, shield by shield, and sword By


G.
sword closing ranks above the slain,
mf
(with increasing enthusiasm, and at last carried away by his own words)
The third line ready with new spears- not men, But one steel
f
wall of manhood, eagles borne For - ward, trumpets clamoring vic - to-ry-
mf
War! Men die!
più mosso
ff più mosso


G.
but the liv-ing legion marches on Conqu'ring.
G.
Romans perish, Rome a-bides, Drinking the vir-tue of her
ff
G.
dead strong sons: Impe-rial, im-mor-tal!
(♩= 126)
Enya (suspiciously)
E.
Me-thinks thou know-est their war-fare o-ver-well!
(♩= 126)
f


Gwynn poco a poco allarg.
Mona
G.
M.
I am a Bard; it is my work to learn. Hast thou fought with them?
poco a poco decresc. ed allargando
p
Gwynn
G.
I have fought-with them. Before I was a Bard I fought with them.
pp
Mona
M.
To have stood at sword's point with the ver-y Wolf! To have
(♩= 96)
pp
sempre meno
M.
pierced flesh, and seen blood flow! To have slain Romans, and now to love Rome!
sempre meno


Gwynn
ad libitum
G.
Now I love thee, And dream of peace.
Andante
pp
Mona poco più mosso
M.
I have had other dreams:
pp poco più mosso
rit.
Allegro moderato
Fire, and a sound of
bat-tle – and a storm Of hungry swords! Our towns made
più mosso
strong once more, Our shrines made holy as of old!
Allegro moderato
a tempo
Great God! What have I done with all this
ff
rit.
sfz


rit.
M.
life of mine To make life wor-thi-er? What have I done?
(♩=76)
p
rit.
M.
N.
What can I do?
Nial
Thou art very beau-ti-ful!
rit.
(♩=96)
p
pp
rit.
Mona
M.
Beau-ti-ful! Will my beau-ty break the chain? If I might
(♩=76)
f
p
p
M.
make there-of a charm, to snare The lead-er of our en-e-mies, and
M.
then, While he leaned down and loved me, strike one stroke In-to his wolf-heart, and leave
(♩=66)
pp


M.
Brit-ain free! I dream this— who shall make it more than dream?
pp
ff
(turning suddenly to Gwynn)
Gwynn
Mona
M.
G.
Give me the sword! Where-fore? Give me the sword! Give me the sword! Give
(♩=108)
a tempo
p
me the sword! Thou art like a Roman soldier stand-ing so— It is
più agitato
accel. e cresc.
Maestoso (♩=69)
(Mona snatches the sword from Gwynn
mine! It is mine! Give it me! Give it me!
accel. e cresc.
ff
Allegro (♩=126)
and in so doing wounds his arm)
Mona
(dropping the sword)
Gwynn
(Gloom enters, dropping
Gwynn! It is naught.
Adagio
fff
p

the curtain across the doorway, cutting off the sunlight. After making the sign of the Name he advances to Gwynn, and picks up the sword, looking from it to Gwynn's bleeding arm.)




(Arth ushers in Caradoc
Gl.
Let the Bard en-ter, fa-ther.
solenne
mf più mosso
cresc.
through the central door)
G.
C.
Gwynn
Ca-ra-doc!
Caradoc
The
f dim. e rit.
a tempo
(making the sign of the Name)
C.
peace of the Great Name upon this house And
(♩= 72)
p
Enya
E.
(Mona and Enya off)
And with thee, peace.
Mona
M.
And with thee, peace.
Gwynn
G.
And with thee, peace.
C.
all that dwell there-in.
G.
And with thee, peace.
Arth
A.
And with thee, peace.
pp


Risoluto
Caradoc (advancing)
Now let there be an oath between us.
Più mosso
Gwynn
Nay! I swear no blind oaths! What does Caradoc Here?
What is this that Mo-na needs to know?
Meno mosso
Caradoc
(Caradoc, Arth and Gloom throw back their robes, showing swords which they draw and hold aloft in the form of the Sign)
The peace is brok-en. We have bless'd the steel.
Gloom
Thou shalt know all,


Gwynn
Molto agitato
This is thy do-ing, Gloom!
G.
Gl.
be-ing made one with us.
Molto agitato
sfz
Thou hast un-done Brit-ain and all our la-bor.
ff
Arth
ff pesante
A.
Bah! He loves Rome o-ver-well, prat-ing of peace, peace, peace!
pesante
Gloom
If a man swear An oath, and bind his
Put thou no trust in him!
(♩ = 92)
f
f


Gwynn
Have we not
hon-or with a bond, He shall not break his word.
Più agitato
sworn An oath to keep the peace of the Great Name? I
swear no oath to drown this land in war.
Caradoc
There
Tranquillo
(Gwynn hesitates)
is no peace that is not won by war. Be-ing a


C.
cresc.
Bard, thou art made one with us,
Gloom
Gl.
Being a Briton, thou art one with us!
Arth
A.
Be-ing a Brit-on, thou art one with us!
f
cresc.
a tempo
Mo-na her-self shall make thee one with us!
E-nough! Art thou a Roman?
p
ff
Allegro
Meno mosso
Gwynn
G.
I will
pp


G.
swear!
Caradoc
energico
C.
Then let there be an oath between us!
(He draws forth from the fire a burning brand, which he elevates before the Sign on the lintel)
(♩ = 80)
p
Caradoc
Now, By the three cir-cles round the oak, whose names Are Death, and Life, and God - head,
(Gloom touches the brand, then his own lips and breast;
8


C.
and by the signs Of Earth, and Air, and
Arth does likewise;
Fire; and by the pow'r Of the Great
and then Gwynn)
Name, which made and
poco cresc.
(Caradoc breaks the brand in three, lays one frag-
mak - eth all:
sfz
p
cresc.

ment upon the earth, throws the second in the air, and returns the third to the fire)




G.
Fire, we swear!
Gl.
Fire, we swear!
A.
Fire, we swear!
p
Caradoc
C.
G.
The Gor-sedd is de-clared!
Moderato, ma con
Gwynn
Ca-
pesante


moto (♩=96)
(standing; the others seated)
G.
ra-doc, Thou art old, hav-ing seen gen-e - ra-tions,
wise With love and sight and sor-row. Thou hast seen Bo-a-di-ce-a,
pp
and the blood-y fall Of that great up-ris-ing, and man-y wars Since then,
less-er, but not less vain. Say thou, How Britain shall fight Rome!
Più mosso
Caradoc
C.
It is true, Gwynn, that all our wars were vain.


ancora più mosso
C.
They were but par - tial. Rome ——— is
ancora più mosso
Rome! ——— Till now Britain was nev-er Brit-ain.
with
We have
pp poco rit.
espress.
enthusiasm
found That lead-er long foretold, that shall stamp down The Wolf and
a tempo
save Brit-ain— that lead-er sought Thro' many years and tears,


C.
whom all shall trust, E-ven as a babe its
C.
moth-er, and o-bey As a young maid her
Più agitato
Gwynn
G.
I know, but where Shall ye bring up one man all will re-ceive As
C.
love.
sfz
G.
one fore-told? Where find ye such a man?
sfz
sffz
Caradoc
C.
G.
No man!
Gwynn
What god, then?
Gloom
Gl.
Nor no god. We found A
p
ff
pp


Allegro
G.
Wo-man? not-
By God! No! Ye
Caradoc
C.
Mo - na!
Gl.
wo-man!
Mo - na!
Arth
A.
Mo - na!
Allegro
f
ff
f
shall not make her your sac - ri-fice! Ye shall not drown her
(♩= 144)
f
ritenuto
ad lib.
in your surge of blood! Is this the peace ye bless'd this house withal?
ritenuto
fff
sfz
Adagio
Caradoc
(All have risen)
There is no peace that is not won by war.
ff
p molto
sostenuto
dim.
pp


(Facing Gwynn and pointing to the Sign)
Molto moderato
C.
We are thine elders, Gwynn; be si-lent now.
(He signs to Arth,
pp
who sends Nial for Mona. She enters alone with the sword still in her hand, comes forward
slowly and kneels before Caradoc)
cresc.
ff
dim.
p
pp
C.
Caradoc
The


(laying his hands upon Mona's head)
C.
Peace of the Great Name upon thee, and the pow'r
pp
Dwell with thee!
pp
l.h.
espress.
Mona (rising)
M.
It is all so wonderful! I to fulfill prophecies—
(to Arth)
I not Thy daughter, but a daughter of strange names In an


M.
old tale – I to save Brit-ain – Strange as
birth!
(She draws open her robe)
Caradoc
C.
Show me the sign, child!
ppp
pp
Twenty years Past, I be-held that sign, and saved the child For Brit-ain.
Mona
Strange as love! Strange as death!
Sealed with God's great name.
pp
pp


(♩= 92)
Caradoc
C.
Hear now the words of the
Bard!
Adagio
Bo-a-di-ce-a, dying, left her pledge, (For
espress.
p
dy-ing eyes look thro' the veils of time,) That one sprung from her


C.
seed should lead this land In its great need a-gainst the Ro - man.
pp
Thee, Last of her line by the sign on thy breast, And by Bard's in-sight,
with great solemnity
I re-ceive and de-clare For the one pro-phe-sied!
f
Thee the Great Name Shall guide, shall guide
cresc.
where man-y thou-sand fight-ing men Fol-low, to


ad lib.
Mosso
C.
save, to save Britain!
ff
dim.
pp
Mona
M.
If I were sure—
Gloom
Gl.
Are not thy dreams ful-
Moderato
Moderato
poco rit.
p
How
filled of oth-er lives, Mem-o-ra-ble of old wars?


M.
— couldst thou know? Surely my dreams re - member!
pp
pp
M.
The sea, Rome –
The for-est,
pp
pp
pp staccato
M.
Brit-ain –
The sword,
war!
pp
Gwynn
G.
Re - member Al-so the veiled, white fig-ure with
G.
no face!
God mocks us with a fu-ture half fore -


G.
known!
(crossing to Mona)
Thou art a wo-man,
Mo-na. To be great, First be a wo-man.
Mona (hesitating)
M.
I have had other dreams Of mat-ing and of
pp
sfz
espress.
ppp


M.
moth-er-hood,- not great. But ver-y dear. Gwynn, I
can-not be A wo-man on-ly!
Gloom (sourly)
Gl.
Nor a pretty toy For lover's lips to lap!
Risoluto
Gwynn (threateningly)
G.
Gloom! Gloom!
Arth (sharply, to Mona)
A.
E-nough words! E-nough words! Dost thou ac - cept thy task?
rit.
Risoluto
sfz
sfz
f
rit.
Mona (still doubtfully)
M.
What shall I do? What shall I do?
Adagio
Animato
p
f


(confidently, with complete change of tone)
M.
What shall I do?
Caradoc
C.
The soul speaks! The soul speaks!
f
sfz
sfz
Allegro
C.
Child and Queen!
Andante, non troppo mosso
(In a patriotic frenzy)
Mona
M.
Yea! I
C.
Come! Come!
Gloom
Gl.
Come! Come!
Arth
A.
Come! Come!
Andante, non troppo mosso
f
poco f


M.
come!
Let
the ra-vens fol-low me:
8
Allegro
Andante
They shall be filled!
Yea!
Let the
sfz
wolves howl!
Yea, let the wolves howl!
Allegro moderato
Fire, and a sound of battle,
and the
poco -
poco f staccato
poco


più moderato
M.
whole Man-hood of Brit-ain rag-ing down to hurl The wolf-born
più moderato
M.
Ro-man back in-to the sea! Our towns made
a tempo
f
M.
strong once more, our wast-ed shrines Made ho-ly,
M.
Dru-id and Bard called forth a-gain From lurk-ing in for-


M.
got - - ten dens, to fare Once more in hon-or o-ver a
M.
free land, Sing-ing, and teaching free - dom!
tr
fff
Animato
Più allegro (♩= 120)
Gwynn (holding her at arm's length, and forcing her to listen)
G.
Mo-na! Come down Out of that frenzy! Mo - - na,
ff


G.
look at me! This is I, Gwynn, a man, flesh and blood,
(she relaxes, and meets his eyes)
I Whose lips and eyes thou lov - est. Now! I say Thou
shalt not ru-in all we are to feed A fe-ver and a fol-ly!
Love or war— Choose!
Caradoc
poco riten.
C.
Ay, choose well!
poco riten.


Gwynn (angrily)
Let her be!
Gloom (to Mona)
Vision or dream – that boy Or Britain – lust or glory!
(♩= 92)
pp
Thou art fain to madden her with words!
(to Gwynn)
And thou Art fain
f
pp
to eat her soul for thy desire, To keep her wholly for thy
pleasure; and so, Holding her merry body in thine arms, To laugh at


Allegro moderato
Mona
(aflame with patriotism, waving the sword)
ff
Brit-ain! Old Brit-ain!
Brit-ain! Old Brit-ain, Ho!
Allegro moderato
Più mosso
Ho!
Moderato
Ho! Britain! Britain!
Arth
Now let the traitor
Più mosso
ff
Moderato
f
Ho!
Gwynn
Mo-na!
(to Gwynn)
Go! Go! I will not hear thy voice nor
ad lib.
per-ish!
allargando
colla voce



M.C.
a tempo
Caradoc
poco meno mosso
see thine eyes For ev-er-more!
Nay! We
Arth
A.
Let me kill!
a tempo
ff
p poco meno mosso
C.
shed No blood in Gor-sedd.
If a man swear an oath,
(♩ = 88)
p
(exit Gwynn)
Slower
He shall not break his word.
Gloom
Gl.
For ev-er-more Thou
pp
shalt not see his face!
p accel. poco a poco
sempre cresc.

(They draw their swords and wave them aloft. Caradoc kneels before Mona)




Più mosso
M.
And a new song, Terrible with the joy of angry
p
cresc. ed accelerando
men Gaining and guard - ing free-dom!
cresc.
accel.
ff
(The tension snaps. She breaks down suddenly, and bursts into tears)
ad libitum
ff
p
Gwynn! Ah! Gwynn! For evermore I shall not see his face!
(The others watch her, amazed, all standing)
pp
Slow (♩=66)
pp
cresc. molto
CURTAIN
ff
End of Act I

ACT II

THE SCENE represents a Cromlech, or Druidic open-air temple in the forest: a semicircular stone wall, low and ruinous, with openings at each side and at the rear; behind this a larger semicircle of huge single stones some distance apart; and beyond this again, dim forest. In the centre, a large oak-tree overspreading the entire scene; at its foot, an altar composed of one great block of stone, graven with the Sign of the Name.

THE TIME, evening, a month later.

The curtain-rise discovers NIAL alone within the circle, dancing with his shadow.

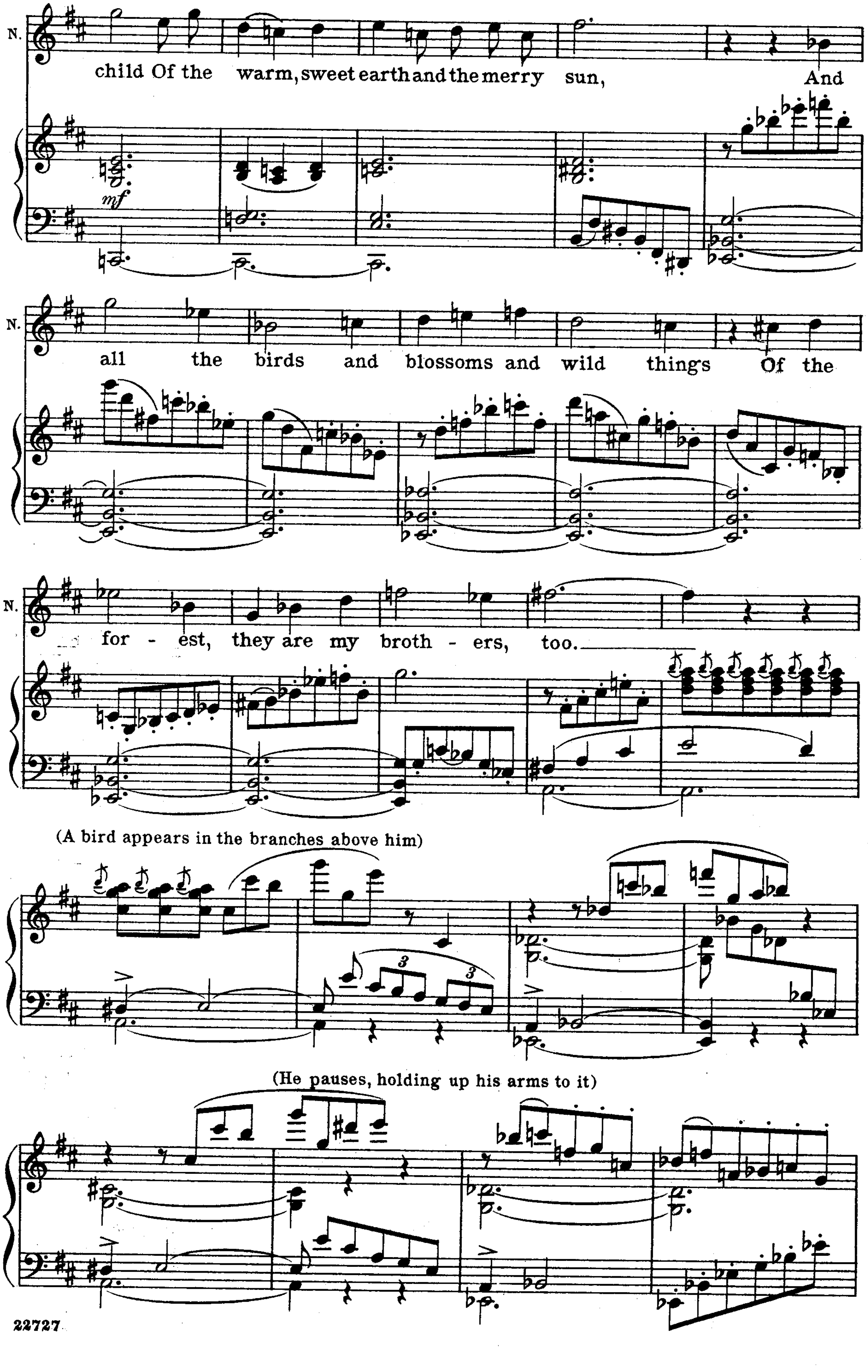




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poco a poco cresc.
ff
dim.


(Curtain)
(Nial discovered, dancing with his shadow)
p
dim.
pp
ppp
Nial (still dancing)
N.
Brother am I to all the trees, and
pp


N.
child Of the warm, sweet earth and the merry sun, And
mf
N.
all the birds and blossoms and wild things Of the
N.
for - est, they are my broth - ers, too.
(A bird appears in the branches above him)
(He pauses, holding up his arms to it)


N.
Come dance With Nial, my
(The bird lights on his hand)
brother! They are not afraid—
cresc.
They know I have no soul.
f
(Dancing again, the bird fluttering about him)
Is it not brave To breathe sweet
grazioso


N.
breath, and sing un-der the sun, And
laugh beside the fire, and have no soul?
(He pauses, thoughtfully)
(♩= 108)
pp
p
Mo - na and Gloom and
pp
Gwynn, all my wise friends...


N.
Sure-ly, their souls tor-ment them. They have strange,—
p
Hot joys called Love and Hate and Fear, where-with To
un poco meno
un poco meno
rit.
burn themselves — I cannot un-der-stand:
rit.
a tempo
(dancing again)
Nay! I had
pp
rather have my play-fel-low To dance with; He


N.
must be my broth - er, too, For the
earth and the sun-shine made him.
Brother, come, Dance with Ni - al! Leap with Ni - al!
cresc.
Ho! (pausing again) Perhaps He is my soul — I
f


N.
won-der — and perhaps Their souls are in their shadows, for their
ppp
shadows Gleam in the dark with strange, bright — col-ors—
green, Pur-ple, and crim - son. But my
dim.
shadow is gray, And in the dark I have no shadow at


molto rit.
N.
all. Perhaps all souls are shadows.
pp molto rit.
accel.
Tempo I
Nay, come dance With
p
me, my soul! Come
cresc.
più mosso
dance with Ni - al, Broth - - er!
più mosso
Come and dance with Ni - al, leap with Ni - al,
dim.


N.
dance with Ni - al!
poco rit.
Come dance with Ni - al!
poco rit.
molto rit.
Perhaps all souls are shadows.
pp molto ritenuto
accelerando poco
(Enter the Governor, with a few soldiers; Nial shows no fear of them)
a poco e
cresc.
Allegro (♩ = 112)
ff
The Governor
Gov.
Seize him!
ff


Meno mosso
Nial (is surrounded)
(casually)
How red your shadows are!
But slay him not!
Meno mosso (♩ = 96)
ff
p
What would ye have Of Ni-al?
Come hither!
Allegro (♩ = 112)
f
dim.
(looking about)
Stand there. Guard him.
So —
p
f
(♩ = 108)
Footprints!
A
p
cresc.
N.
Gov.


Gov.
whole tribe has been gathered here — Women, too.
f
dim.
Meno mosso
a tempo
(to Nial)
ff
Ashes! Ay, a sac-ri-fice. Spears! Listen, thou! What hath be-
(♩ = 112)
p
f a tempo
N.
fall-en here?
Nial (innocently)
I have been
(𝅗𝅥. = 54)
p
danc - - ing with my soul.


The Governor
Gov.
Answer me! Who met here yes-ter-night? How many?
(♩= 104)
f
dim.
Nial
N.
Gloom says I may not
Whence And why came they?
(♩ = 96)
p
know. più mosso
Who is Gloom, then?
f più mosso
meno mosso
My broth-er. They're all My
p meno mosso
brothers. They have souls, and they are wise. They
rit.
rit.


Tempo più moderato (♩ = 72)
N.
say that ye are wolves that eat this land; There-
fore they say ye shall all sure-ly die. But how and when,
(♩ = 96)
Gloom says I may not know.
(curiously)
What it is like, to
p
die?
The Gov.
più mosso
(a soldier threatens Nial with his sword)
Gov.
Thou shalt soon learn! A sword, there! Answer now!
pp più mosso f


Nial (quite undisturbed)
(naïvely)
N.
I can-not an-swer. Gloom says, I may not know. That
(♩= 88)
pp
sword is like the one that Mo-na dreamed of in her dream.
pp
p espress.
The Governor
Gov.
Bind him! A bow-string round his tem-ples, now! Si-lence him!
p
Allegro
p cresc.
f


Risoluto
(As Nial is about to be tortured, Gwynn enters abruptly)
Gwynn
G.
Fa - - - - ther! Hold!
f
(The Governor
turns to him with unastonished formality)
(Gwynn kneels)
The Governor
Gov.
Quin - tus, my
ff
pp
son, I bless thee!


Gwynn (rising, to the soldiers)
(to the Governor)
Let him go — un-bind him! Nay, Fa-ther, he
would not speak. He is one from whom, Un-born, earth-dæ-mons reft the
soul a-way—The harm-less emp-ty bod-y of a man!
Moderato
Nial (feebly)
I give thee
thanks; They would have done me harm.


N.
Sure - ly these are not wolves— the wolves are all My broth-ers.
Gwynn (quieting Nial with a gesture as he turns to the Governor)
ad lib.
a tempo
(He throws off his green robe, showing Ro-man tunic beneath)
G.
Ni-al! My fa-ther, ask of me!
(♩ = 116)
colla voce
f a tempo
G.
I am a Ro - man sol - dier, and thy son.
The Governor
Poco meno mosso
Gov.
There-fore I came here.
f
Gov.
Man-y tongues have said Thou art a Brit-on, and mine en-e-my.
p


Gwynn Più mosso
G.
Dost thou be-lieve this, Fa - ther?
Molto risoluto (♩= 84)
The Governor
Gov.
Quin-tus, no! I be-lieve no dis-
Più mosso
f
hon-or of my blood By hear-say: An-swer, there-fore! This
whole land, Which late lay more at peace than ev - er, now
Allegro moderato (♩= 100)
Hums like a hive in swarm.
p


Gov.
O - ver the length And breadth of Brit - ain,
Gov.
ev - 'ry camp and town Sends in the same tale:
Gov.
ga-ther-ings by night,
mf
Poco più mosso (♩ = 108)
Gov.
For - bid - - den sac - - ri - fic - - es


Gov.
in old shrines,
Poco più mosso (♩= 112)
Gov.
Forg-ing of wea-pons,
Gov.
Dru-ids preach-ing war, And here and there some
p leggiero
Gov.
lone-ly Ro-man slain, Out in the for-est.
ff


Gov.
South-ward, our own towns Re - turn se-di-tious ru-mors.
p
G.
Gwynn
It is all true,
p
Gov.
What hast thou To say of this?
(♩= 116)
f
all true!
Poco meno mosso (♩= 108)
p
Ancora meno mosso (♩= 96)
The Governor
I have heard Of one go-ing a-bout a-mong the
p


Gov.
tribes To rouse re-volt — a wo - - man,
Gov.
beau - - ti-ful.
animato
Più allegro (♩=120)
Gov.
Her thou hast guard - ed and de-
f
Gov.
fend-ed, held Our gar-ri-sons from seiz-ing her, and


Gov.
left Her free to stir up trou-ble at her will. What of this?
Gwynn
G.
It is true— I love her!
f
Meno mosso (♩= 92)
The Governor
Gov.
Boy, Man's hon-or hath no subt-ler en-e-my Than
Gwynn
G.
She is more, Fa-ther: she is their
Gov.
long-ing for a wo-man.
Animato
3


G.
Queen, e'en as tho' Bo-a-di-ce-a lived on earth a-gain, Whom
3
3
p
G.
they be-lieve and fol-low.
cresc. ed animando
G.
Win-ning her, I
ff dim.
p
G.
win at once all Brit-ain!


The Governor
Gov.
Take her, then! I took thy moth-er cap-tive e-ven so;
sfz
dimin.
rit. poco a poco
She, ly-ing by my side, saved man - y lives.
p ritenuto poco a poco
Gwynn
Andante espress.
G.
Mo - na and I to-geth-er shall save
pp
all.
Yet
p


Più agitato
G.
where-in should her bod - y pro - fit me, But if I win her
will?
Allegro
The Governor
Gov.
Play not with words! A wo - man's
Animato
Allegro
f
heart is in her bod - y, boy — I had thought thee more a man! E -
nough! Mean-while, What of this war?
Gwynn
There


ad lib.
G.
was to have been war. There shall be peace.
Gov.
Their plans, then?
Moderato
ad lib.
pp
p
I have sworn Not to be-tray.
Agitato
ff
Be-tray! Canst thou be-tray En-e-mies? An
(♩= 92)
f
An oath to their god that is my god, too.
oath to a bar-ba-ri-an!
p
ff


Allegro agitato
The Governor
Gov.
Gods! Gods! In these times we make new gods ev-'ry day. There
is but one god for a man: his name Is Du-ty! Speak!
ff
Gwynn
G.
(♩= 92)
Fa-ther, if a man swear, He
p
shall not break his word. Nay, hear me!
tr
Allegretto
pp


Andante espressivo Gwynn
G.
All These years of peace are mine,
dolce
my work, all my work. I went A - mong my
moth - er's peo - ple, owned their god, Be -
came their Bard, knew them and hon-ored them.
dim.
p


ad lib.
a tempo
G.
Do men love le-gions, or con-fide in foes? They hate Rome.
ad lib.
a tempo
p
pp
I have healed that
ha - tred, I have healed their bit - ter
cresc.
dim.
ha - tred. Now, where the old scars ache, shall we
pp


G.
stab a-gain? Shall we stab till the whole bod - y
dim.
ad lib.
per - ish? True, our arms Will crush them down: How long will they
pp ad lib.
pp
lie still? Hearts, not
espr.
p
espress.
swords, make our Ro - man prov-in-ces!


G.
Let peace
make one con - quest that shall en-dure!
ppp
pp
Faster
The Governor
Gov.
Words again! When a sul-len-snarling hound Slinks close be-hind thy heel,
f
Gwynn
ff
These are
dost thou de-lay For par-ley? Strike the first blow, and be done!


Still faster
Allegro moderato (♩ = 108)
no curs, to snarl and lick the lash. These are they—
—whom great Cæ - sar could not quell!
Più mosso (♩ = 116)
My way or thine— one peace, or man-y wars—
Choose! Art thou gen-er-al, or


G.
governor?
ff
The Governor
Gov.
(𝅗𝅥 = 63)
Thou hast failed thy du-ty!
f
Gwynn (steadily)
G.
Truth, spok-en by a
Gov.
wilt thou teach me mine?
G.
trai-tor, still is true!
più mosso
ff


The Governor
ad lib.
Gov.
See now, I hold these dogs in my two hands,
And if they move, I break them! Prove thy truth! Save them!
f
a tempo (♩= 104)
Thou art their fate. All hangs on thee. Let them
a tempo
Gwynn
ad lib.
G.
It is well,
lie still and live, or strike and die! I have spok-en.
pp
p
ad lib.


a tempo
G.
I ask no more: Let them lie still and live, or strike and die!
p a tempo
Andante
Mo - na and I shall hold them harm-less.
pp
Moderato
The Governor
(looking steadily into Gwynn's eyes)
Gov.
Boy, Thou hast thy moth-er's blood— If I could
think Thy dou-ble gar-ments hid a dou-ble heart—


Gwynn (quietly: not theatrically)
G.
Two gar-ments, and but one heart with-in. Two na-tions,
a tempo
pp
cresc.
and one blood.
un poco animato
Nay, I con-
f
fess That I have let the weight of my great love
Hang round the neck of du-ty;
appassionato
I pray thee,


Andante
G.
Trust me, or trust me nev - er!
ff
dim.
The Governor
Gov.
Be it so! I trust thee then, my son!
ritenuto
f
ritenuto
If thy faith fail, let me die!
(they grip hands)
p
pp
Gwynn
ad lib.
The dusk falls. Ye are too few For safe-ty. I will guide you to the
colla voce
a tempo
(Exeunt, followed by the soldiers)
town.
a tempo (♩ = 100)
p
p


Nial
N.
Red shad-ows – and the
souls of an - gry men –
Poco meno mosso (♩ = 88)
pp
espress.
Or else all a dream!
Allegretto (♩. = 50)
(lying down by the altar)
ad lib.
Night, and cool winds.
ad lib.
p
ad lib.
How still the forest is, Now they are gone!
My brothers are a -
pp colla voce
a tempo


Poco meno mosso (♩= 112)
N.
sleep Al-read-y. On-ly the hushed owl drifts by
Si-lent-ly as a wing-ed shad-ow— And there The
quick bat flutters past, a mes-sen-ger To wake the
Lit-tle Peo-ple. Ni-al knows!
Now the small voic-es un-der all the leaves Are tell-ing


(Enter Mona and Gloom)
Mona
N.
M.
se-crets.
Meno mosso
Ni - al! Art thou a - lone?
pp
ppp
Nial (rising)
N.
My sis-ter! Thou art ver-y beau - ti - ful, And ver - y
far a-way. The Lit-tle Peo-ple will be
Gloom
Gl.
mf
Ni - al, what news?
p
out. The bat Has just gone by to call them.
Where is


N.
I know not.
Gl.
Arth? Go And seek him.
(Exit Nial)
pp
pp
a tempo
Gl.
We have lit-tle space to dream. Our war begins at
(♩ = 96)
Gl.
mid-night. Be - fore then, Sac - ri - fice and sword-giv - ing.
Gl.
Pres-ent-ly the Bards meet. Hast thou kept The tal - lies?


Mona
(She hands them to him. He seats himself on the rocks, examining them)
M.
Here.
Gloom
Meno mosso (♩ = 80)
Gl.
Twelve my-ri-ad fight-ing men! Rome hath not half so man-y
mf
Gl.
souls a-live In Britain. We are read-y:
Gl.
to-night, war; To-mor-row, vic-to-ry!
f


Mona
M.
Gl.
If we our-selves Fail not.
Dost thou fear failure?
p
Nay, not fear— On-ly— all hangs on us. If
poco a poco animando e cresc.
yon - der town Fall to-night, then from hill to hill our fires Will
poco a poco animando e cresc.
flash the ti-dings, till all Brit-ain flares In-to one
f


M.
rit.
blaze ere dawn. But if we fail, How
dim. subito e rit.
then? Were it not bet-ter all should strike At one
p
pp
fore-cho-sen hour, waiting no sign?
Gl.
Gloom
What mat-ter? We but prove our
(rising, and coming toward her)
faith. Nay, more. Thou art here.
poco cresc. ed animato


Poco largo
Gl.
Thou, the Old Queen's self re-born, Our lead-er and our strength.
poco f
Più mosso
What fight can fail Where thou art? All the hope of Brit-ain
waits Thee, and thee on-ly!
Mona
rit.
meno mosso
I to fight with men, To
pp meno mosso
M.
pierce flesh and see blood flow—
più animato
Thou to save And con-quer! Nay,
f più animato


a tempo
Gl.
fear not— thy wo-manhood And the beau-ty of thee shall burn be-fore us
(♩= 92)
a tempo
fair And ter-ri-ble, a sweet white flame of war,
3
2
poco animando
A light from old years, and a won-der-ful death!
cresc.
poco animando
A light, a death, and a dream plunging down e-
f


Mona
M.
Gl.
poco rit.
Gloom, thou art
ter-ni-ty To change the world!
f
poco rit.
f
a tempo
animato
glo - rious! If I were sure—
Broth-er and
Thou and I throned a-bove Re-joic-ing free - dom;
a tempo
p animato
sis - ter!
Broth - er and sis - ter!
Priest and pro-phet-ess—
One soul,


cresc. ed accel.
M.
Let my work not fail; I ask no
Gl.
cresc. ed accel.
only one soul, to be re-mem-bered when our
cresc. ed accel.
more—
Take thou the glo - - - ry!
bones blos-som to-geth - er!
ff
sfz
Child, How have I an-y glo-ry but in thee? How have I borne thy
sfz p
dim.


Mona (warningly, retreating from him)
M.
Gl.
Gloom, Gloom, I am
beau-ty? How endured These long, dry years of broth-erhood—
not wo-man, but a sword; not flesh, But steel.
sfz
sfz
(Enter Nial, followed by Enya and Arth)
Who but thine own self taught me this?
Gloom
It is true.
rit.
dim. e rit.
Nial
N.
They are here, un-der the moon; Their
(♩= 88)
p


Enya (embracing Mona)
N.
E.
riten.
souls reach out be-fore them. My lit-tle one That loved me!
espress.
riten.
Gloom
Gl.
We count Twelve my-ri-ad fight-ing-men.
Arth
A.
Gloom, how have ye fared? And the
(♩=80)
p
f
To-mor-row! We our-selves move at mid-night
più mosso
time?
dim.
on the town.
meno mosso
Our-selves first? I grow
cresc.

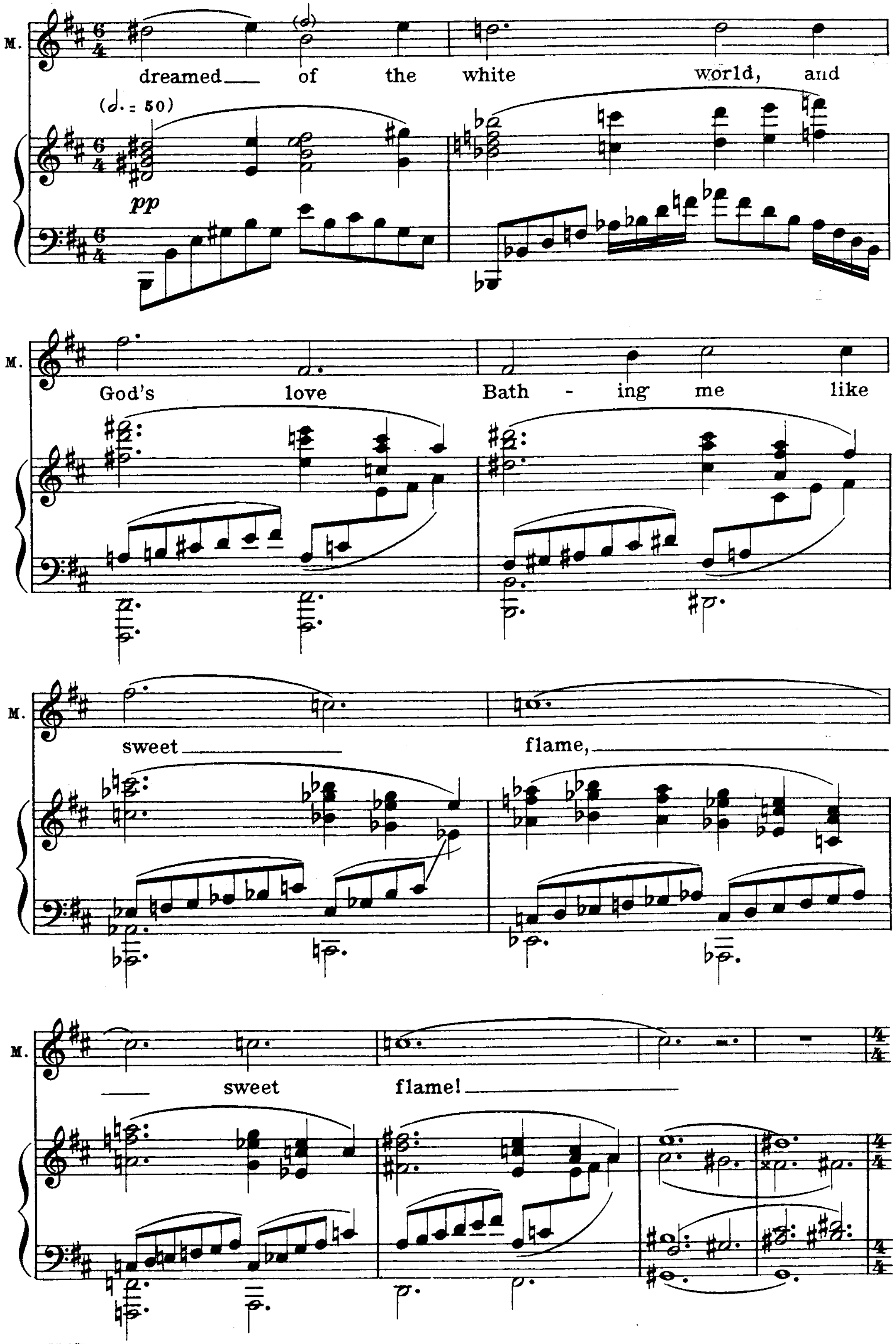

Feroce (♩= 92)
A.
ff
young a-gain! Ha! wolves That feast and frol-ic
f
f
yon-der, sweet with oil And glad with gar-lands, it shall not be
Mona
poco
M.
A.
Un-til the
long, Not long, now, till the end!
p
rit.
Enya
M.
E.
end! the end! Child, art thou that same child that
(♩= 100)
p poco rit.
f


E.
pushed my breast With ba-by hands and wailed? Thou art glo-ri-fied!
f
animato
E.
There is a light a-bout thee, and a pow'r—
f animato
Mona (before the altar, with uplifted arms)
meno mosso
M.
I have re-membered old years, and seen men Fall down and
pp meno mosso
Enya
animato
E.
Did they be-lieve,— All those wild folk?
M.
wor-ship me. It is as if these
animato
f


M.
trees Bowed them-selves down be - fore me, as if the
(♩ = 60)
p colla voce
animato
sea O - beyed me; yet not me, but what I
ritenuto
p ritenuto
Lento (♩ = 50)
am— A vi-sion of swift jour-ney-ings by day, Glim-mer-ing for-ests,
pp
wind - y crags, lone moors Im - mea-sur-a - ble, where birds cry, and
più mosso


M.
gray sands Thun-der-ous with the ev-er-chang-ing sea—
(♩ = 72)
Animato
Torch - es and shouts, wild ga-ther-ings by night, And
ad lib.
fire-lit cir-cles of as-ton-ished eyes, Men fall-ing on their fac-es,
ppp colla voce
p
oaths and pray'rs: Strange as a dream's ful-fill-ment of a dream!—
a tempo
(♩ = 80)
pp a tempo


M.
espress.
M.
I have heard voic - es in the dark, and seen
(♩ = 104)
pp
M.
Vi - sions of kings for - got - ten, bid - ding me Go
pp
M.
for - ward, and be strong, and have no fear. I have


M.
dreamed of the white world, and
(𝅗𝅥. = 50)
pp
God's love Bath - ing me like
sweet flame,
sweet flame!


Arth (roughly)
(♩= 92)
E-nough of dreams! Come, let us feast be-fore the bat-tle—
Mona
I have no need there-of.
Come! The time pass-es.
(𝅗𝅥. = 48)
pp
Enya
Is there no dan-ger?
Leave me here for a lit-tle while to pray.
Nay, with
Gloom
poco rit.
Fore-doomed,
(Exeunt Enya and Arth)
Ni-al at hand No harm can fall. Come then.
(♩= 88)
p staccato
poco rit.


(Exit)
Gl.
or-dained, Pro-phe-sied!
Nial (listening)
N.
Mo-na,
pp
Mona
M.
What is it, Ni-al?
N.
hark! The Lit-tle Peo-ple: they are
pp
M.
Go — to them.
(Exit Nial)
N.
call - - ing me.


Andante
(Gwynn is seen, about to enter)
(Mona lays the sword upon the altar, and kneels before it)
p
Mona
M.
Night and day,— deed and dream,
pp
sight And vi-sion— all one
(Enter Gwynn, softly)
faith, all one de-sire— Brit-ain!
pp
(Seeing him, and rising)
Animato
What dost thou here?
Gwynn
G.
God help me now! What I have ev-er done.
Animato
f
f


Più mosso
M.
G.
Thou art faith-less!
Go!
Più mosso
sfz
M.
G.
(scornfully)
Fear!
Why? Dost thou fear to look up-on me, lest Thine heart change?
sfz
Molto allegro ed agitato
M.
I will not see thy face. Get hence!
ad lib.
G.
Cry out, then! Is
Molto allegro ed agitato
colla voce
G.
one trai - tor's life So great a mat - ter?


Moderato
G.
Thou that art to slay Thousands ere dawn, canst thou not see me — die?
Allegro molto
Mona
Gwynn ad lib.
M.
G.
Go from me! True, thou hast loved me. True, thine heart Cries
ff
pp colla voce
Allegro (♩ = 120)
G.
out for me. What mat-ter? Thou art not flesh, But
G.
steel. Sum - mon thy swords!
sfz


Moderato molto (♩=76)
Mona
M.
Gwynn, presently I must fight. It may be that I must die.
p
Canst thou not hush that lit-tle flesh-ly wail Call'd love, and leave me
pp
Allegretto
p
here with God?
Gwynn
G.
Canst thou?
I bear the sign here of a
Andante
(gesturing to the sign on her breast)
sfz
pp
great - er thing, Where-to I am re - born. I am


(turning away)
M.
not myself, but Britain! Go now!
Molto più animato (♩= 144)
Gwynn
G.
There-fore I am here. There is yet time to save
pp
ritenuto
Brit-ain and thee.
ritenuto
Andante con moto (♩= 88)
dolce
Now


(He takes her suddenly in his arms)
G.
all things take one answer! Struggle now— Call to thy friends— Look!
pp dolciss.
(♩ = 72)
Thou and I, Thou and I a - lone——
pp
—— In the whole great world, un-der the dim sky, And the
Mona
poco rubato
M.
Let me go! Let me go!
a piacere
night's arms a - round us.
dolce
colle voci


Gwynn
G.
(♩ = 92)
Night, and earth yearn-ing up-ward to the moon, And the
shad - ows call-ing to us, and the winds Diz - zy with
pp
6
sweet, and the sum-mer's huge heart, slow Throbbing a -
poco pesante e rit.
poco pesante e rit.
round us. Thou and
pp


Mona (with closed eyes, feebly)
I close, close – Be still! – I will not hear thee!
rit.
rit.
Più mosso (♩= 88)
Gwynn
Night, and thou Near me a-mid the moon-beams,
p
poco tenuto
beau - - ti - ful, A lil-y on the gloom of a dim
lake, (thou and I,)
Andante (♩= 72)
Mosso (♩= 88)
p


G.
Thy gold - - en heart wide o - pen to the
wind, A fresh - ness, and a fra - grance,
poco animato
glimmering up Out of cool depths,– a wild bird with glad eyes, A
poco animato
pp
mys - ter - y be - yond all dream - ing dear, Ho - -
riten.
riten.
Poco adagio
pp



G.
- - lier than the hope of pleas - ing God,
More to be hun-ger'd af-ter, more than lost youth!
poco animato
poco animato
Moderato con anima (♩= 80)
Now I make mine own all I have known so long
for mine!
mf
fp


Più largo
G.
Arms and lips, life and glo - ry,
f
p
mine, mine, mine!
a tempo
(♩= 100)
ff a tempo
(He releases her, she stands dazed)
Più mosso (♩= 116)
fff
(sharply)
f
p
(offering her the sword)
Take thy sword. I shall die by that same blade. So be it. Strike
p


Allegro (♩=126)
G.
now!
ff
M.
Mona
Ah, Gwynn!
3
3
ff
(she stretches out her arms
Ah, Gwynn! Oh come to me! Come to me!
Gwynn
Mo - - na!
(♩=108)
f
2
2
to him; they hold each other)
riten.
Come to me! Come to me! Ah! Gwynn!
2
pp riten.


Andante
M.
Thou and I, Close, close!
Molto moderato
There is a
Gwynn
G.
Thou and I, Close, close!
Andante (♩= 72)
Molto moderato
pp
cloud o-ver the moon. I cannot see thy face.
Night, and thou near me in_the
On-ly thine arms a-round me like strong sleep! Only thy
warm gloom: On thy lips a faint--ness and a flame!


M.
G.
voice, And all our children laughing in thine eyes!
All our dreams
Tempo moderato
And it is good for me to put a-way Wear - i-ness,
rit.
New-born, sweet with sur - ren - der,
Tempo moderato
rit.
p
and the fe - ver of high deeds,_ And the dry
All our dreams newborn,


poco rit.
M.
hun - ger.
G.
won - - der - ful, ho - - ly!
poco rit.
tranquillo
pp
Now earth
sinks and swims, Fall - ing-
Fall - ing-
8


M.
G.
Now earth sinks and swims, Fall - - ing,
Now earth sinks and swims, Fall - - ing,
And the great riv - er of joy
And the great riv - er of joy
flows down, flows down, In -
flows down, flows down, In -


M.
ev - i - ta-ble, ten - der, lu - mi-nous,
G.
ev - i - ta-ble, ten - der, lu - mi-nous,
M.
And whelms
G.
And whelms
M.
me, and I float un-der the moon Qui - et - ly,
G.
me, and I float un-der the moon Qui - et - ly,
pp


M.
toward the foam - bright sea,
Where the
G.
toward the foam - bright sea,
delicatiss.
M.
glim-mer-ing shores grow faint, and darkness cov-ers and bur-ies the
G.
Where the glimmer-ing shores grow faint, and dark - ness —
pp
M.
sky, and the stars drown, and the deep Ris-es o-ver me,
G.
And the stars drown, and the deep Ris-es


M
G.
and I dream.
How soft Thy hair is, Gwynn!
o'er me, and I dream.
ppp
Molto piano e moderato
M.
Mona
ad lib.
Far off in the dead void
colla voce
ppp
Torches flare, and I hear a murmur - ing Of old wars, and fierce


Tempo giusto
M.
mul - ti-tudes that howl — For me to lead them— like some old, ill
p
pp
M.
G.
dream.
ad lib.
Ah! let me not re-mem-ber—
Animato
Gwynn
Dear, I bid thee Re-
poco rit.
colla voce
p
G.
mem-ber, and re - joice in all! This night Hast thou saved Brit-ain—
(she frees herself, and rises. Gwynn also is on his feet)
Mona
M.
Brit-ain! Let me go! What have I done?
rit.
p
rit.


Più mosso (♩=104)
Gwynn (confidently, not realizing what he has done)
G.
I would not speak till now, I would not buy thy heart for prom - is-es:
mf
sfz
Now it is fin-ished! I must have thee first Made Queen
sf
o - ver all Britain, then all mine!
Più agitato
mf
Now all for peace! 'Let them lie still and live, Or strike and die!'
(♩ = 112)
pp


Più mosso (♩=138)
Mo-na! Hear me! We two Shall join in our firm love
poco f
Mona (dully, groping with her hands)
ad lib.
Gwynn, I can-not see thy face. It is
Britain and Rome For ev-er!
colla voce
a tempo Gwynn (unheeding) Sempre più mosso (♩=144)
all dark. Dostthouneed proof? What held The Ro-man garrisons from
a tempo
p
tak-ing thee? Child, thou hadst been a pris-on-er twenty times But for


Mona (harshly)
G.
M.
me! What hast thou to do with Rome?
f
ff
Più mosso (𝅗𝅥.=60)
Gwynn
G.
No less than thou with Brit - ain. My one voice Answers for
Mona
M.
What hast thou to do With Rome?
Rome here!
Alla marcia
I am Ro-man born.
Alla marcia (♩=116)
p


M.
Thou, Ro-man?
G.
Yea! more-o-ver—
f
accel. e cresc.
M.
Help, ho! Trea-son! Help, ho! By
G.
Mo-na!
(♩= 132)
f
(she swings the sword at him. He wrests it from her)
M.
this same blade it is thy doom to die!
(𝅗𝅥= 72)
p subito
ff


(A mob of Britons, shouting and brandishing weapons, rush upon the stage, followed by
L'istesso tempo ma sempre più animato
Druids and Bards led by Gloom and Caradoc. Enya and Arth are among the Britons)
fff
precipitato



(♩= 132)
Gloom (attacking Gwynn)
Gl.
At last!
Arth (attacking Gwynn)
A.
Ha! Gwynn! the peace-mak-er! Ha! Gwynn! the peace-mak-er!
(Gwynn beats them off, but is overpowered by the crowd. As he is about to be slain, Mona
Enya
E.
Blood! Woe!
Arth
A.
Ha, Gwynn!
Chorus
Women
The Crowd
Who is he? Who is he? Who is he? Who is he?
Men
Who is he? Who is he? Who is he? Who is he?

interferes suddenly.)




Presto
Caradoc (The tumult is renewed, and Gwynn is again threatened)
C.
ff
He is not one of us! He is not one of us!
Gloom
Gl.
ff
Heed her not! Heed her not!
Arth
A.
Kill! Kill!
Presto
f
Mona (interposing)
M.
Hold off!
Caradoc
C.
not one of us! not one of us! not
Gloom
Gl.
Heed her not! Heed her not!
Arth
A.
Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill!
The Crowd
All the Women
ff
Who is he? Who is he? Who is he?
All the Men
ff
Who is he? Who, who is he?


(facing the leaders)
M.
On your lives! Back!
C.
one of us! not one of us!
Gl.
Heed her not! Heed her not!
A.
Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill!
Who is he? Who is he?
Who is he? Who is he?
Mona
M.
Who am I? An-swer me!
M.
Who am I? Who am I?


Maestoso (They draw back)
Allegro
Enya
E.
The queen!
(Hurriedly, turning to the crowd, and creating a diversion)
(Gwynn is removed, under guard)
Mona
M.
Bind him, and lead him hence; Do him no
Caradoc
C.
The queen!
Gloom
Gl.
The queen!
Arth
A.
The queen!
Chorus
The queen!
The queen!
Maestoso
Allegro
f
Meno mosso ma molto agitato
M.
harm! Give out the swords. Wait not For midnight! Call the war-riors!


Allegro con fuoco
M.
Gwynn (departing)
I am the time! O-
accelerando
G.
Car.
'Tis not time! 'Tis not time!
C.
Gl.
Arth
A.
Allegro con fuoco (♩= 92)
f
(The stage is in a tumult, with men hurrying about, and
più mosso
bey! Give out the swords! Rouse the tribe!
ff
bringing in weapons, etc. The Druids and Bards gather about the altar,
Sound the gath'ring! Bring hides, Fag-ots and lad-ders! Give

on which a fire is kindled. A sheaf of naked swords is laid before it)



(Mona, Gloom and Caradoc at the altar. Enya and Arth among the crowd. The movement and preparation continue with increasing system and regularity)




Summon the swords-men, Wak-en the war-riors, Ga-ther the Druids To
Summon the swords-men, Wak-en the war-riors, Ga-ther the Druids To
Summon the swords-men, Wak-en the war-riors, Ga-ther the Druids To
Summon the swords-men, Wak-en the war-riors, Ga-ther the Druids To
battle for Britain: Long swords for old Britain, old Britain! Ru-in to
battle for Britain: Long swords for old Britain, old Britain! Ruin to Rome!
battle for Britain: Long swords for old Britain, old Britain! Ru-in to
battle for Britain: Long swords for old Britain, old Britain! Ruin to Rome!

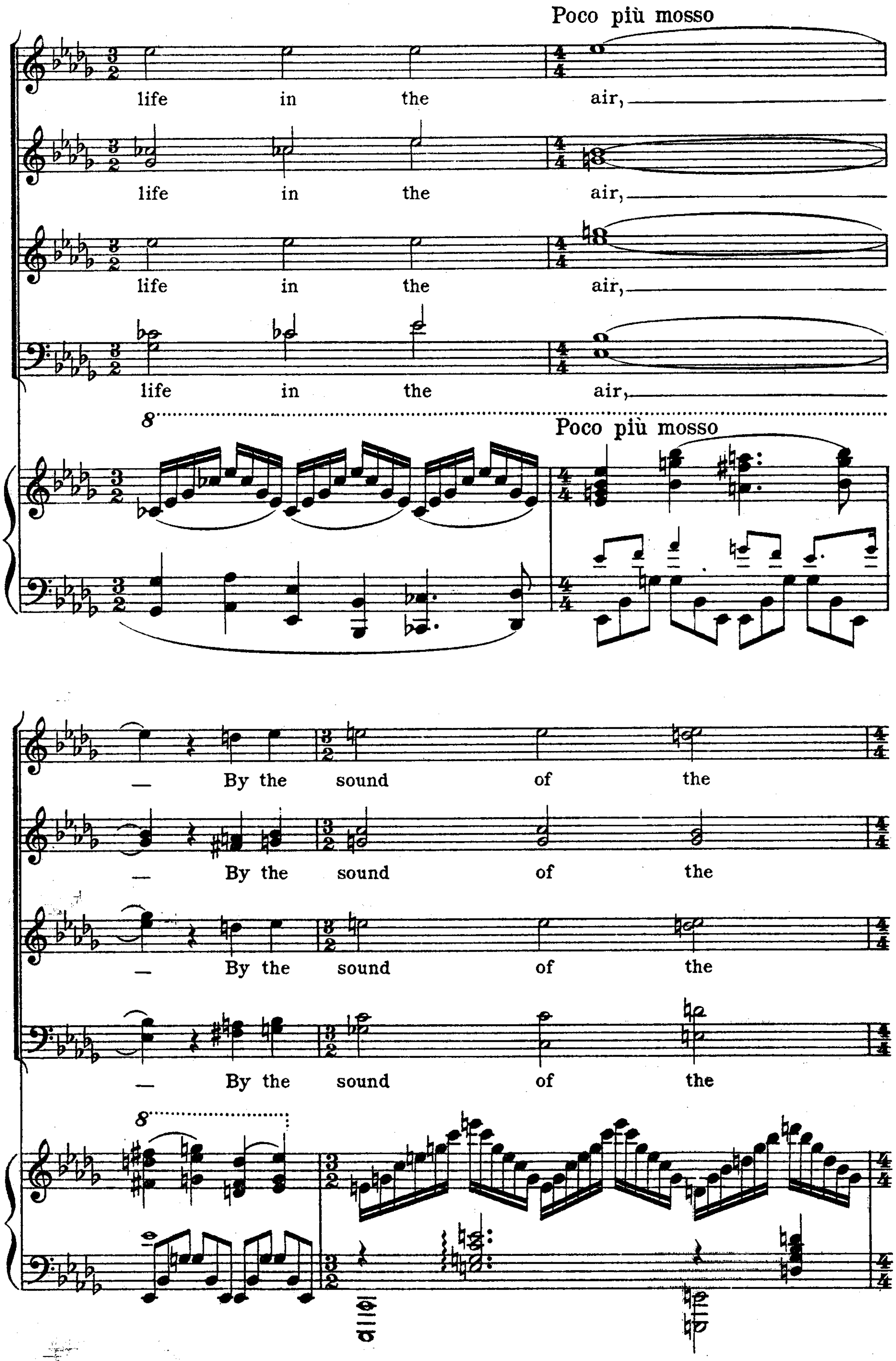


(During the following stanza, the swords are ceremonially given out to Bards and Druids by Mona, assisted by Gloom and Caradoc)

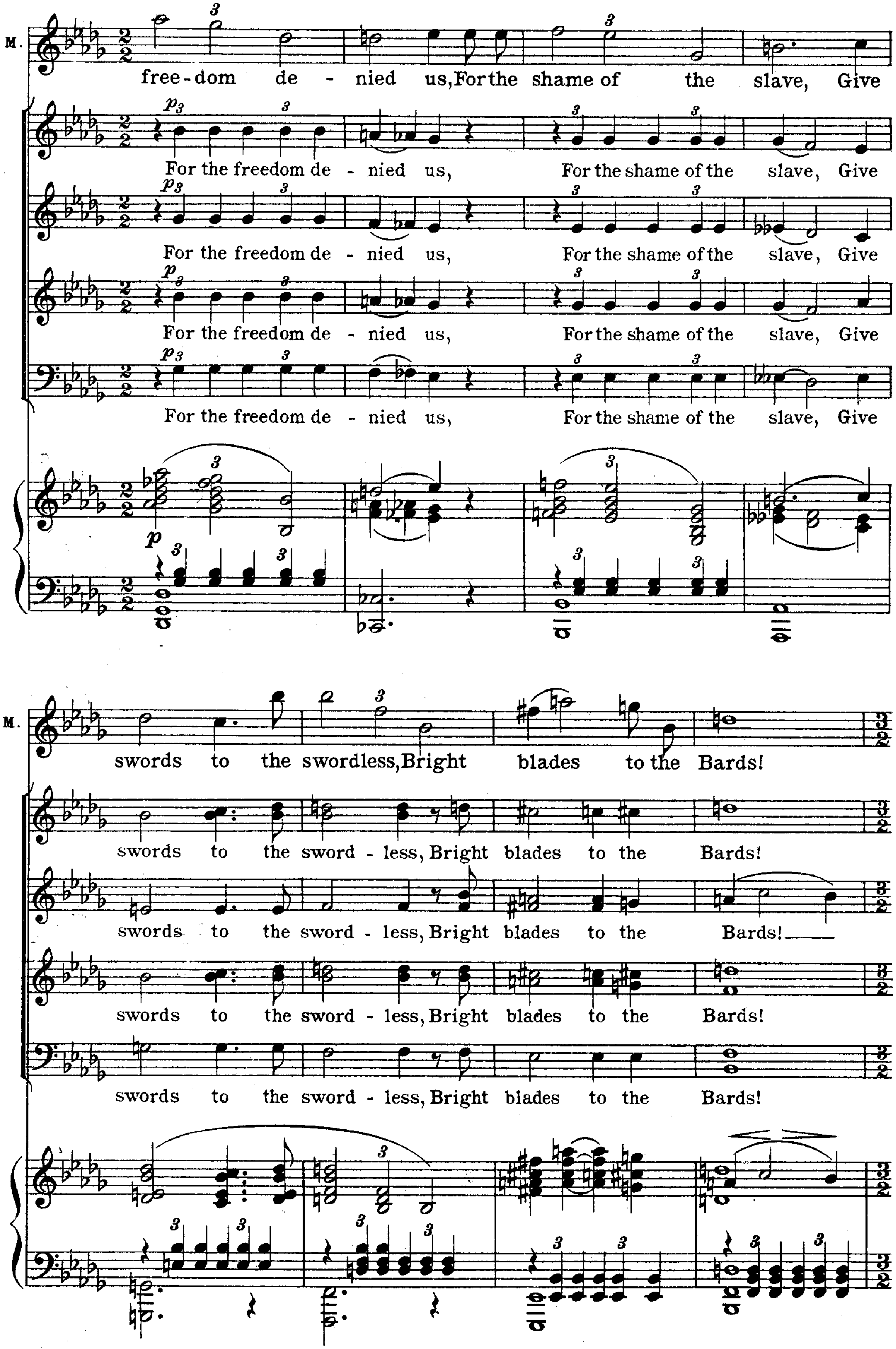





By the death in the
By the death in the
By the death in the
By the death in the
By the death in the
earth, By the
earth, By the
earth, By the
earth, By the


Poco più mosso
life in the air,
life in the air,
life in the air,
life in the air,
8
Poco più mosso
By the sound of the
By the sound of the
By the sound of the
By the sound of the
8


Name That no mor-tal may bear, Bringing
Name That no mor-tal may bear, Bringing
Name That no mor-tal may bear, Bringing
Name That no mor-tal may bear, Bringing
p
M.
Mona
For the
fff
a - ges to birth;
fff
a - ges to birth;
fff
a - ges to birth;
fff
a - ges to birth;
ff
p
p


M.
free-dom de - nied us, For the shame of the slave, Give
For the freedom de - nied us, For the shame of the slave, Give
For the freedom de - nied us, For the shame of the slave, Give
For the freedom de - nied us, For the shame of the slave, Give
For the freedom de - nied us, For the shame of the slave, Give
M.
swords to the swordless, Bright blades to the Bards!
swords to the sword - less, Bright blades to the Bards!
swords to the sword - less, Bright blades to the Bards!
swords to the sword - less, Bright blades to the Bards!
swords to the sword - less, Bright blades to the Bards!


White Death to the Dru-ids To guard us, to guide us, To slay and to
White Death to the Dru-ids To guard us, to guide us, To slay and to
White Death to the Dru-ids To guard us, to guide us, To slay and to
White Death to the Dru-ids To guard us, to guide us, To slay and to
p
sfz
save!
sfz
save!
sfz
save!
sfz
save!
f
dim.

(As the priests receive their swords, they rush out, one by one, to the attack ---)





ff
Wak - en the lean wolves! On-ward for Britain! Broad spears for Old
(♩= 116)
Britain! Old Britain! Ru - in to Rome!
fff
rit.


(--- followed gradually by the Britons, shouting and tossing their swords, spears,
a tempo
The sword, the de-fender, She is ho - - ly and human,
a tempo
ff
and torches; and still singing as they go ---)
She is white like a woman, And shapely and slender; De -
like a woman, And shapely and slender; De -
De -
De -
dim.


manding a master To wield her and bend her. A - flame for the foe-man,
manding a master To wield her and bend her. A - flame for the foe-man,
manding a master To wield her and bend her. A - flame for the foe-man,
manding a master To wield her and bend her. A - flame for the foe-man,
Athirst for the Roman! Heart's blood of the Roman! Red life and dis - aster!
Athirst for the Roman! Heart's blood of the Roman! Red life and dis - aster!
Athirst for the Roman! Heart's blood of the Roman! Red life and dis - aster!
Athirst for the Roman! Heart's blood of the Roman! Red life and dis - aster!



(---so that at the end, the stage is left empty and dark. Enya alone remains, prostrate and sobbing before the altar --- and the sound of the attack dies away in the distance)



End of Act II

ACT III

THE SCENE represents the mouth of a mountain-gorge opening to the south over a steep declivity, showing far below a wide stretch of meadow, and beyond this the Roman town in the distance. On the left, dense forest; on the right, the corner of a jutting mass of cliffs, behind which a path runs diagonally down to the plain. Near the end of this path, a fallen tree; to the left and farther down, a large boulder.

THE TIME, before dawn of the following morning.

The curtain rises on a dark and empty stage; moving lights visible in the distance, about the Roman town.

Con moto moderato (♩=108)




(Curtain rises)
(Enter Nial and Enya)
Nial
Enya
N.
E.
Here we can see, Mother. The town still holds. I had
(she turns, and gazes over the cliffs, as if for a signal)
E.
hoped that red sky showed it all in flames. And still no sign.


Poco animato
Nial (pointing toward the Roman town)
N.
What are those ti-ny lights Gleam - ing like fire-flies in the
pp
poco cresc.
N.
E.
Enya
darkness there? Torches.
tranquillo
How still the for-est is!
mf
pp
pp
E.
No wind, Yet the trees move as if a storm were near.
E.
And lis-ten! a dull mur-mur, like the sea;
p


E.
pp
Fire, and a sound of bat-tle. Sure-ly they Have had
pp
E.
N.
full time by this. How goes the night?
Nial
Not
f
mf
p
Meno mosso
(seated unconcernedly at the foot of the rocks)
N.
long now, in an hour, it will be dawn.
mf
Più mosso
Enya
E.
Man-y there be shall nev-er see that dawn. God send our own be not a-
mf


E.
mong them! Yon-der, Be-neath that red glow,
mf
swords are swung, and shouts Go up with
f
groan-ings, and blood smokes and shines In the
fp
flare of the bat-tle-fires, and strong men


(a raven flaps out of the forest,
E.
fall, And the press wa-vers.— What was that?
p
close to her, turns and flies straight toward the town)
Nial
N.
A ra-ven. Yet it is
pp
strange! He should not fly so soon, Be -
pp
fore the sun is ris - en.
(beside her, pointing)
Look! he flies South-ward


N.
against the light. How red it is! As if all the bat-tle had
one an-gry soul.
(casually, turning back to his seat)
Moth-er, the Lit-tle Peo-ple
all are gone Un-der the hills. Our war drove them a-
(Far away a wolf howls, answered by an-
Enya
N.
E.
way; They can-not live where there is hat-ing. Hush! Lis-ten! That
p
pp


other to the southward)
E.
N.
new cry there in the for-est-
Nial (unconcerned, as before)
Wolves. Yet it is
N.
strange! they should not cry so late, Af-ter the set-ting of the
pp
Enya (hysterically)
N.
E.
moon. And still No ti-dings! Can the dogs hold out so long, A-
f
mf
E.
sleep, surprised, out-numbered? Will the
p
f


E.
fight Nev-er be done? How man-y, how
man-y of us Whose hearts are strug-gling yonder, watch and yearn Thro' the
void, end-less hush, feel-ing their faith Bleed a-way drop by
drop and hour by hour! Oh! I have wait-ed
f
p
mf
ff


E.
man-y nights like this, While flesh of mine spilled blood that came of
ff
ff
dim.
E.
me, And the dawn brought the dead
p
Allegretto
(she drops, exhausted, on the boulder. The first suggestion of dawn appears: not light, but
Nial
E.
N.
home! This is more Than I can under - stand.
pp
p
a weakening of the darkness)
N.
ad lib.
Some-how it seems I should be wis-er, see-ing so much pain.
pp


Moderato
N.
Look! the light dark-ens. The stars fade. The
p
dawn Is com-ing! There a bird wakes! Moth-er!
ppp
pp
Ped.
Poco più mosso
(she starts up and crosses to the edge
hark!
Allegro
of the slope, straining her eyes across the dusk)
Enya
E.
And still no ti-dings! If Gloom were but here!
f
p
ff


(A man stumbles in, wounded and bloody, hurries past, and scrambles up the rocks)
E.
Allegro (♩=112)
Oh! what news of the bat-tle, what news?
f
Più mosso
Nial
N.
ff
Fear! His ter-ror hangs a-bout him like a smoke: He is mad-afraid.
ff
dim.
p
Enya
(An old man enters feebly. Enya runs to him and catches his arm)
Più mosso
Woe! woe!
What ti-dings?
ff
How Went the bat - tle?
Meno mosso
Old Man
O.M.
Nay, I know not: let me go!
Meno mosso
f


O.M.
We were be-trayed-
They had been warned of us-
The fight goes on
p
Enya
Molto agitato
E.
Tell me, What of Gloom? What of Arth?
O.M.
still- Let me pass.
I know not-
Molto agitato
f
E.
Mo - na, The
O.M.
dead, Most like.
They were a - mong the fore-most.
p
f
E.
Queen, tell me of her?
O.M.
I saw her last Mount-ing a
p


O.M.
lad-der, sword in hand, her hair Blown backward in the
torch - - light. Let me
p
go, Wo-man! I have told all.
(He breaks from her, and follows the first fugitive. During the ensuing scene, others hurry across the stage, up the rocks or into the forest)
f
p
cresc.
N.
Allargando
Nial
ff
It can-not be! Gloom says God
mf cresc.
ff pesante


Allegro
Enya
E.
Lost! ___
N.
ten.
prom-ised us . the vic - to - ry!
Allegro (𝅗𝅥=63)
E.
___ all lost! ______
Più allegro (♩=144) (Gloom stumbles
ff
in among the fugitives. His right arm is broken and he is wounded in the side. With his left he half
carries Mona. As he reaches the clearing, he releases her, and she sinks dizzily upon the fallen tree,
still grasping her sword, and drooping forward so that her relaxed arms and her hair streaming down

over her face suggest the sign /\. Gloom rests a few paces down stage, his back against a sapling




Molto più moderato ma con moto
Enya (lamenting, not protesting)
E.
Oh, my son! Oh! my son!
pp espress.
Gloom
Gl.
E.
Bro-ken. Let be. It is all o-ver.
Enya
Arth, Thy
pp
fa-ther?
(softly)
I knew it.
Gloom
Gl.
Dead.
Sempre più moderato
pp
They were a-wake Un-der arms, a-wait-ing us,
(♩ = 76)
ppp
pp


un poco mosso
Gl.
their gar-ri-son Swelled to an ar - my, sen-tries on the
un poco mosso
plain, Fires read-y on the walls— what could we do?
Allegro agitato
One traitor is more strong than many swords. Our Gwynn did
f
E.
Moderato
Enya (trying, with grotesque tenderness, to
Gloom, thou art hurt—
his work well!
rit.
Moderato
pp


lead him away)
E.
Come thou home.– Let thy mother bind thy wounds. Nay, lean on me.
pp
Gloom (resisting)
Gl.
Let be. I have my death Al - read-y.
Più lento
Enya patetico
E.
All that re - mained to me, my son,
ppp
E.
My husband that was young with me.–
Gloom
Gl.
Be still! Thou wilt have
p
pp


Lento (♪= 88)
Gl.
time e-nough for wail-ing.
pp
espress.
Mona (wearily, raising her head)
M.
Gloom, Why didst thou bring me here? I might have died Yon-der and
not known.
(Rising and coming slowly down between them)
Gloom
Any place will serve To die in.
They all trusted me, — the
pp
p
women Wait-ing for love, and the sweet-eyed young men,
un poco animato
The mothers,
espress.
poco animato


riten.
M.
and the mer-ry chil-dren,— all Hold-ing by me to make them happier— And
riten.
M.
I— I trust-ed God.
Più mosso
Gloom
Gl.
Thou didst not well: God smiles a-
Più mosso (♪= 144)
pp
mf
Gl.
Più mosso (♩.= 60)
lone in the white still - ness, calm Be-yond all
p
pp
Gl.
worlds, o - ver all years, be-


Gl.
hold-ing All pain, re-memb'ring all death un-moved. He
sfz
M.
Mona
God for-give me!
Gl.
mocks us with a fu-ture half fore-known.
f
Allegro (♩.=80)
f sourly
Bah! Let us be honest. What has God to do? I
f staccato
sicken at all these ho-ly melan-cho-lies.


Più mosso (♩. = 92)
Gl.
Thou hadst a vani-ty, and a girl's dream Of huge deeds and
p
high ser-vi-ces; for me,
I had a lust for lord-ship. I hat-ed Rome, And
f
(♩ = ♩.)
hat-ed more that sweet, sweet boy-lover of thine!
p
His del-i-cate heats and spirit-per-fumes;
più agitato e cresc.


Animato (♩= 108)
Gl.
then, Too, I loved thy bright body.
Good!
f
we strove As others do, after our own desire. We failed:
ff
Well, we shall die!
ad lib.
Mona
Meno mosso
M.
This is thy sorrow Speaking; it is
pp
Allegro (♩. = 104)
Enya
M. E.
not like thyself.
Gloom!
Thou art a


E.
Gl.
priest.
Gloom
I was: I am a man Now.
Pres-ent-ly I shall be less.
What,
(♩=♩.)
ff
shamed At a soul's na-ked-ness?
Più allegro (♩=112)
We dress ourselves In
decencies of motive, day by day,
Till our own hearts


poco rit.
Gl.
hide from us, and we march On proud-ly, leading God.
poco rit.
Maestoso (♩ = 66)
Oh, we be - lieve Our high words while we speak them!
f
No de - sire For praise in Mo-na, nor in me for her - All was for
p
f
Britain!
(He sinks back upon the rocks, overcome by his own violence. The tops of the distant
Allegro (♩ = 120)
ff
p
cresc.

hills are touched with the first slant of sunlight)




ad lib.
M.
truth! What if I did all For my-self— not for
p
colla voce
Enya
a tempo
M.
E.
Brit-ain? Child, who doubts thee? He knew not what he said.
a tempo
legg.
Mona
Moderato (♩= 100)
M.
He is a Bard. It was the voice of
pp
ppp
M.
God that spoke in him. I knew Gwynn faith-less— why did I
M.
save him? His life meant death to Bri-tain. But I
colla voce


M.
(♩= 66)
heard My own blind heart cry-ing for him!
pp
espr.
God knows, –
There was a
dolce
Poco più mosso
mo-ment when I gave up all–
All — I was giv-en
life for, my whole use, Brit-ain, and man-y
hopes, and my great dream,


tranquillo
M.
On - - - ly to
ppp
M.
feel the glo - ry of his arms A -
M.
round me in the night, on - ly to
M.
see His eyes be - tween me and the


Molto moderato
M.
stars, on - ly To know I could not struggle.
pp
Nial
N.
Più mosso ed accel.
Is it wrong To love, then?
pp
p
M.
Mona (to herself, softly)
agitato
One whose face I could not see,
(♩= 100)
agitato
p
M.
That strove to snatch a-way my sword –
p
cresc.
sempre più agitato


(Gwynn enters hurriedly)
Allegro
Gwynn
Mona! the fight is done, then! Art thou safe, Un-harmed?
Gloom
agitato
What dost thou here, traitor?
Allegro (♩= 132)
f
ff
f
Gwynn
My guards Fled with the rest.
f
molto agitato
I am no trai-tor! All This night's blood, if ye
riten.
poco f
riten.


G.
had but lis-ten'd to me, I had saved. Give thanks to God, I am in
(♩= 100)
time E-ven now to save your own!
Allegro agitato
Gloom
(staggering forward)
Gl.
I will yet spoil Thy tri-umph!
Allegro agitato (♩= 132)
(His strength fails. Mona turns upon Gwynn, furiously)
Give me that sword!
Mona
ad lib.
M.
Ro - - man, be-gone Among thy kin-dred! If per-
colla voce
ff
f


a tempo allegro
chance A-mong that car-ri-on brood an-y endure Thy kinship un-a-shamed!
p a tempo allegro
ff
Allegro molto
Thou save us! who Would owe thee life? Look on thy-self!
f
False friend, False Bard, false lov-er! Thou hast done thy work!
f
ff
Meno mosso
Leave it! God sick-ens to hear thee speak his name, And men take
p
shame of thy hu-man-i-ty. Why dost thou stand there breeding
pp
f


M.
new lies?
Go!
Leave us clean air to
ff
Gwynn (facing her)
Allegro molto (♩= 152)
M.
G.
die in!
Be si - lent now! There is more shame to thee, say - ing
f
G.
these things, Than me to hear them!
Look at me— is this
ff
Falsehood?
If there were reason in thy rage,
8
p
Could I en - dure to hear it?


(Their eyes fight, but he
G.
And from thee? An-swer me!
cresc. ed accel.
knows, and she is only certain; hers fall first.)
ad lib.
Hear one word
ff
now that clears all:
Maestoso (♩ = 76)
The Gov-ern-or of Brit-ain is
p
my own fa - ther. I am his son.



G.
accelerando
Dost thou hear?
accelerando e
cresc.
Allegro (♩. = 116)
G.
Gloom
Gl.
On-ly the son Of the Gov-ern-or?
sfz
sfz
8
Gl.
On-ly the son?
Tell the whole truth!
8
Gl.
Say, The Governor himself—
the Emperor Come from
8


Gl.
Rome—
Hail, Cæ-sar!
8
f e più mosso
8
dim.
Enya
f
E.
Nay, it may be.
f
p
4
4
dim.
Moderato
Mona (wearily, turning away from Gwynn)
M.
Gwynn, thou hast lied al-read-y man-y times; There is
p
Allegro animato (♩= 132)
Gwynn
M.
G.
no need of oth-er words.
My word Speaks for Rome.
mf


G.
Giv-ing it for peace, I bind The le - gions.
Bind-ing me, ye loosed them! Come
f
Poco meno mosso
With me now to my fa - ther, make an end Of this re-
p
bel - lion ere yet more be slain; Give peace to Brit-ain, and
dim. e rit.
G.
M.
Mona
bind up her wounds. The
più rit.
(♩=104)
più rit.
(♩=96)
(♩=92)
sfz
p


Moderato (♩= 80)
M.
blood of all our slain cries out on thee, The tears of all our women
p
f
p
M.
fall on thee, The groans of all our cap-tives an-swer thee,
pp
ppp
(She stands looking
Gwynn
ad lib.
a tempo
M.
G.
Till thy life an-swer for their lives un-done! For
(♩= 104)
ad lib.
pp a tempo
blindly before her, hearing nothing)
Allegro
ritenuto
G.
their sake wait no long-er. Thou shalt learn If I speak truth.
ritenuto
sfz agitato


Moderato (♩= 88)
Nial
N.
I can-not un-der-stand All this of truths and trai-tors;
f
but I know That Gwynn is good. I
f
Enya agitato
N.
E.
know that! It may be, it may be.
Gloom
Gl.
Nay, go kiss thy lov-er, girl!
Gwynn
G.
Mo-na! Come!
(♩= 92)
pp sfz pp ppp


Mona (to herself, dully)
One whose face I could not see—
Gwynn agitato
Man-y shall die while we de-lay. Think not Of me— save thine own peo-ple!
Mona (as before)
One who strove To snatch a-way my sword.
Nial
There is a mist A-bout thy face, Gwynn!
Mona (still as if in a trance, paying no heed
There-fore I
pp
pp
pp


to the others)
M.
smote.
pp
G.
Gwynn
Nay then, I
G.
dare not tar-ry long-er e-ven for thee—
(going)
Guard her, Nial.
(Mona turns
p
and takes a step toward him, stretching out her arms)
Mona
Nial (starting forward, frightened)
M.
N.
Gwynn! I am ver-y wear-y.
Mo-na! Great God! thy shad-ow—
ppp


Gwynn (turning back eagerly, and embracing her)
(The pose is
G.
Love, now all is done, And we may yet save all!
p
p
pp
exactly that of the ominous wounding of Gwynn in Act I)
(She drives the sword suddenly
cresc.
cresc.
cresc. molto
fff
into his throat. He falls limp in her arms, dying)
ppp
(The body of Gwynn slips from Mona's hold, and falls at her feet, just below the boulder; she stands over him with the sword)
Enya
ad lib.
E.
What hast thou done? Oh child! what hast thou
ppp


Mona
ad lib.
E. M.
done? I have proved my-self. There lies my sac-ri-fice!
Nial
a tempo moderato
N.
For ev-er-more Thou shalt not see his face!
pp a tempo moderato
ppp
Gwynn
G.
Mo-na— my fa-ther—
pp
lunga
(The sunlight fills the valley, gleaming upon the Roman town, but the stage
(dies)
itself is still shadowed by the cliffs)
Poco adagio
pp


poco f
marcato
f
ff
pp
p
f
cresc.
fff


dim.
p
rit. e dim.
Gloom (coming forward feebly and gazing at the body)
Gl.
Now I be-lieve all! Let me look on him. At
pp
pp
Gl.
least he can-not tri-umph o-ver me.
ppp
Enya
E.
Let him be; by this He has paid all.
Nial
N.
He can-not an-swer.
ppp


E.
Gloom
Gl.
Paid? By his death? Ay; so— Then for what e-vil must I pay with
(♩= 76)
poco f
dim.
mine? How should we two de-serve a-like, whose hearts Op-posed like East and
p
f
West? The shame of one Hon-ors the oth-er. See now our re-ward—
f
cresc. molto
(He falls back,
Both dead, both brought to shame, both o-ver-thrown. Be-hold, O God, Thy justice!
f
sffz
ff

fainting, upon the rocks. Enya bends over him. Nial gazes curiously into the air above Gwynn's body)




Nial
N.
(♩ = 80)
pp
Look! his shadow Shines in the air above him,
like a mist O-ver the moon!
See!
close above us there, Bound to his bod-y with a gold-en chain - And
shim-mer-ing like the wind a-bove a fire.


N.
He seems to listen
and to wait—
ppp
Allegro (♩ = 116)
pp
Mona
M.
A murmur of many voices
M.
like a storm O-ver the sea—


Enya (going up stage, and looking over the edge of the slope)
E.
The le - - - gions, the le - gions
M.
And a
(♩ = 120)
pp
E.
com - ing!
M.
sound Of men marching to bat - tle,
3
Nial
N.
Save yourselves!
E.
The le-gions coming! Save yourselves!
M.
Ro - - - mans marching stead-i - ly to
N.
save yourselves!


E.
Tell me,
M.
battle.
Gloom
Gl.
Save yourselves! There is yet time. I wait here.
E.
what Have we to save?
M.
Forest and cloud, and a
Nial
N.
There is a cloud over the moon, cloud and
p
p
M.
murmuring of the sea; Surely my dreams re-mem-ber-
N.
storm.


Pochettino più mosso
Enya
(The whole stage fills with a blaze of direct sunlight)
E.
I can see them Winding up the long pathway
M.
See them winding up the path - way
N.
See them winding up the path - way
Pochettino più mosso
E.
from the plain, A mul-ti-tude of spears, a
M.
from the plain, a mul-ti-tude of spears, a
N.
from the plain, a mul-ti-tude of spears, a
Gloom
Gl.
Welcome, wolves!

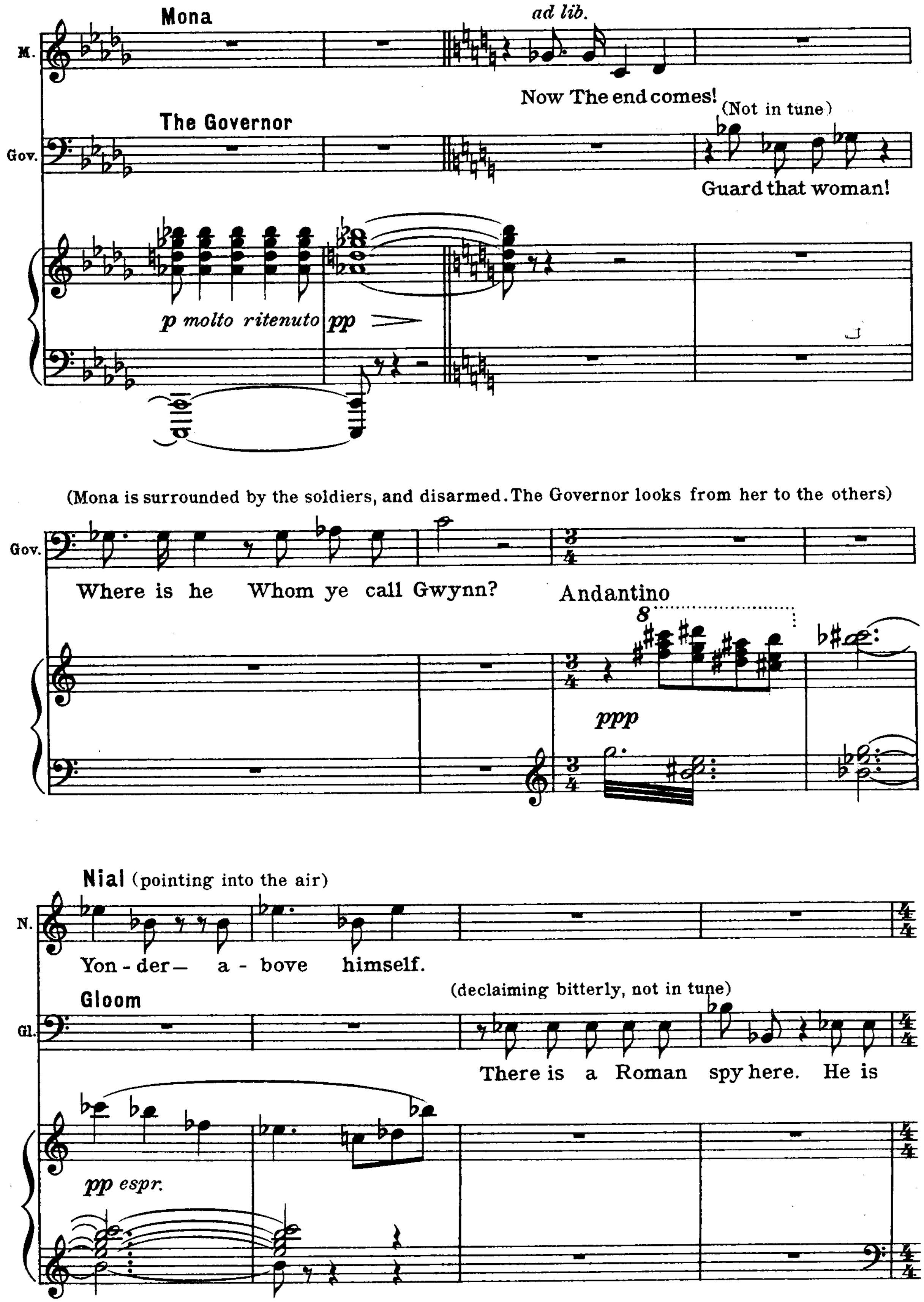

E.
mul-ti-tude of spears! Wel - come, wolves!
M.
mul-ti-tude of spears! Wel - come, wolves!
N.
mul-ti-tude of spears! Wel - come, wolves!
Gl.
wel-come, wolves! Wel - come, wolves!
ff
Più allegro
wel - - - come, wolves!
wel - - - come, wolves!
wel - - - come, wolves!
wel - - - come, wolves!
(The stage fills with Roman soldiers, entering by the pathway from the plain. Among the last of these the Governor enters. From
Più allegro (♩ = 132)
fff

where he stands the body of Gwynn is invisible, hidden by the boulder. Gloom and Nial



are at once made prisoners. Enya retreats down stage. Mona remains standing by the boulder)




Mona
ad lib.
M.
Now The end comes!
(Not in tune)
The Governor
Gov.
Guard that woman!
p molto ritenuto
pp
(Mona is surrounded by the soldiers, and disarmed. The Governor looks from her to the others)
Gov.
Where is he Whom ye call Gwynn?
Andantino
ppp
Nial (pointing into the air)
N.
Yon - der — a - bove himself.
Gloom
(declaiming bitterly, not in tune)
Gl.
There is a Roman spy here. He is
pp espr.


Gov.
Dead?
(The Governor perceives Gwynn's body)
Gl.
dead.
Poco adagio
ppp
Past re-warding!
(savagely)
It is he! Who hath done This thing?
pp
Mona
M.
It was I!
One That might have been a woman.
Thou, a woman?
(softly)
Be thou sure Of paying for this blood!
Gloom
Since he has paid, What


Gl.
matter? He be-trayed us. He is dead. Thou hast thy triumph —
Con fuoco (𝅗𝅥 = 72)
Gl.
Eat it!
attacca subitissimo
fff
sfz
The Governor
(with sudden fierceness)
Gov.
Dogs, ye have slain Your own last hope of mer-
ff dim.
Gov.
the one soul Roman-born that had care for you!
p


Gov.
These years He hath made your peace with Rome,
poco f
p
Gov.
won
Presto (𝅗𝅥 = 120)
Gov.
back for you Old lib-er-ties, giv-en you the strength to dream Of
p
Più presto (𝅝 = 72)
Gov.
new con-spir-a-cy! But for his
f
mf


Gov.
faith, I had broken you be-tween my
hands In the be - ginning! Day by
sfz
f
day I spared The sword,
Più presto
watch-ing your fools' re - bel - lion boil Un - punished.
f sfz


Gov.
(𝅝 = 80) He de-fend-ed you; he
ff rit. e dim.
Gov.
riten.
died Striving to save your mis-er-a-ble lives From your
ritenuto
Gov.
rit.
Moderato (his grief breaking through his anger)
own folly! I have said. My son! My
(𝅗𝅥 = 72)
rit.
f
p
ritenuto
Mona (slowly, in a dry voice)
M.
Thy son! Who art thou?
Gov.
son!
Soldiers
Tenor I
p
Gov-ern-or of Britain.
Tenor II
p
Gov-ern-or of Britain.
Bass
p
Gov-ern-or of Britain.
(𝅗𝅥 = 80)
p



(A soldier gives him Mona's sword. He takes it mechanically, and stands still gazing at the body)


Adagio (♪ = 76)
Mona (to herself)
M.
So that was God's voice, after all!
pp espress.
pp
espress.
Poco più lento (♪ = 66)
M.
That weak-ness, that strange fear of
pp
M.
Gwynn's glad eyes,
M.
That warm pain in my blood an-
3


M.
swer-ing him,
M.
That lit - tle fool - ish whis-per in my
espress.
M.
heart All night long, that I
Un poco più mosso
M.
put away from me, Smothering it with huge dreams!
(♪ = 72)
pp


M.
(♪ = 69)
That was all God
pp espress.
asked of me—
on - - ly to drink my
joy,
pp
poco rit.


M.
On-ly to be a wo-man, on-ly to cease From strug-g-ling,
(♪ = 66)
molto p
Poco più lento (♪. = 60)
rest so, and be drow-sy g-lad, Like a child com-fort-ed! It was too
pp
slight A ser-vice for great ends, too small, too sweet —
An-y-one could have done so much! Ah, Gloom.
Allegro moderato (♩ = 112)
(with gradually in-
sfz p

creasing passion, turning to the others)




M.
dreams pass by As a storm blows down the wind, while
beau-ty grows Day by day out of a thou-sand
lit-tle-ness-es, As the rain swells the flood and fills the
sea, Till
poco f


poco tenuto
M.
all things take one an-swer?
poco tenuto
f
Andante mosso (♩.=56)
Meno mosso
I might have died Yon-der, and not known...
f
p
Allegro (♩.=50)
See, how Earth
p
p
holds up Her fresh - - ness, holds
pp


M.
— up her fresh-ness to the sum-mer,
poco riten.
and the light
poco ritenuto
(♩=100) p
Laughs o-ver liv - - ing green, and the birds are
pp
glad, And the sweet_ blos - soms bright - en in the
pp
3


M.
sun, And all the bit-ter
(𝅗𝅥. = 50)
beau-ty of the day Makes mer-ry with my sor-row!
ritenuto
ritenuto
pp
And I go To
Meno mosso (♩= 120)
sfz
walk a-live a-mong dead
sfz


M.
hours, and see Pit - i -less fac - es,
sfz
and the mirth of men Whose eyes are
sfz
e - vil, and be fawned up- on By strange hands:
p
f
sfz
ritenuto
p
Molto meno mosso (♩= 88)
for I can- not e-ven keep My faith to him who
3
f


Più mosso
M.
died be-cause of me, Nor in a clean death lay my bod-y down
(♩ = 88)
p
pp
M.
Be-side his bod-y!
(♩ = 100)
I must bear my
pp
M.
time, Hav-ing done no good thing, re-mem-ber-ing all:
pp
mf
M.
ritenuto
And there will be so man-y oth-er days,
riten.
f


ff
Più mosso (𝅗𝅥. = 50)
(Going to the Governor, quietly)
M.
So many - y other days!
più riten.
sffz
p
p
Allegro moderato (♩ = 100)
Give me the sword.
pp
(Misunderstanding her purpose, he steps back and motions to the soldiers to restrain her. She looks in his face almost with a smile)
It is mine!
pp espress.
Dost thou think I can still


Meno mosso (♩ = 76)
M.
fear?
I
p
loved him,
loved him, and I
killed him.
(she takes the sword)
Bear with me
pp
A lit-tle,
bear with me.
(Unhindered, she kneels by Gwynn's body, and lays the sword across his
(♩ = 60)
pp molto sostenuto
Take the sword now.
breast, folding his hands upon the hilt)
It is thine.
Thou hast done
well for Brit-ain.
pp


(leaning erect, and speaking straight before her)
Allegro e molto risoluto (♩ = 144)
M.
For my-self, I have done on - ly what I
cresc.
must have done, Be-ing my-self, hold - ing by my own
sight And mine own blind-ness. I have sought be-yond Love,
Animato
and a-bove beau - ty, turn-ing a-way From
più largo
più largo


M.
God to point what way the world should go,
Scorn - ing my
(♩=132)
poco f
life be-cause I found it fair,
3
p
Fol - - -
- - low-ing the white fire
(♩= 120)


M.
of en - deav- or
M.
down Un - der the last ho - ri - zon,
Un poco mosso
M.
where stars fail, And the
M.
sea takes me, and the


sempre più mosso
M.
night ends all,
sempre più mosso e più piano
Più mosso
(♩ = 144)
And the brave deeds
ppp
I was too brave to do
(𝅗𝅥. = 63)
Slum - - - - - - - - - ber, for - got - ten.
ppp
(she lays her hands upon Gwynn's, bending over him)


Moderato (♩ = 76)
M.
Love! I could not be A wo - man, loved and
pp
lov - ing, nor en - dure Moth - er - hood and the wise or - di - na - ry
joys Of day by day; all that I had to give, I
ppp
gave thee. I have known thy heart. Fare -
delicatissimo


(she kisses him upon the forehead)
M.
well! For - give!
Più mosso (𝅗𝅥. = 50)
(she rises, and stands among the soldiers)
Do your
pp
will now!
(They bind her hands)
Meno mosso (♩= 100)
ppp
Meno mosso
I have had dreams, On - ly great dreams!
dolce
Allegro
ff
A wo - - man
pp



End of the Opera